CHICAGO LEDGER

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Here's
Your Chance
To Read
Howard Philip Rhoades'
Latest Story:

**FIFTY-FIFTY
—HERE AND
HEREAFTER!**

CHICAGO LEDGER

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P. Michael Egan, D. H. P.

By The Editor

FOR over a year the Editor had been having trouble in the new two-flat building which he had inherited from his grandmother. Water persisted at times in backing up in the bathroom washbowl, when the people in the flat above him poured water down their own. Plumber after plumber had come, scratched his chin, knocked around the pipes a bit with a wrench and had then gone away after apparently rectifying the trouble. Again and again had the trouble returned. And it was about this time that, in desperation, the Editor happened to describe his troubles to his friend Jenkins.

Jenkins nodded his head sagely. "You will have to consult a specialist," he announced. "I advise Egan, in the Marshall Field Annex Building. He will fix you up. I had about as hard a nut as that to crack in my own bungalow."

"Egan! Specialist!" ejaculated the Editor. "Marshall F—wait——"

But, Jenkins, snatching out his watch and crying out that he was fifteen minutes late in meeting his spouse, had dashed thru the door and was far down the street.

All that night the Editor thought about Jenkins' words. Four times he had tried that evening to get Jenkins on the wire, but each time Central had reported, "Line out of order." Thus it was that when morning came, the Editor was no wiser than the evening before. And promptly as he entered the bathroom to shave, a gurgle took place and up in the porcelain washbowl surged a mass of sudsy, soapy water from upstairs. This was too much. A file of receipted plumbers' bills hung on the spindle over the Editor's desk. He glumly ate his breakfast, and at once took a car down town to the Marshall Field Building to see this Egan—whoever or whatever he might be.

The only Egan in this vast beehive of doctors and professional men was one, P. Michael Egan, D. H. P. More or less mystified, but undaunted, The Editor took the elevator to suite 1212, as shown on the bulletin board, and there found the name of P. Michael Egan, D. H. P., lettered in neat gold artistic letters with black outlines.

He rang the bell. A trim girl opened the door.

"I want to see this man Egan," began the Editor.

"Have you called up and made an appointment?" she asked in a cool voice.

"No," we admitted.

She repaired to a notebook and scanned its pages carefully. "You should have done so," she said reproachfully, "but you are in good fortune after all. I can give you an appointment at 9 o'clock, sharp."

The Editor used her telephone to notify the Ledger that he was engaged in a peculiar quest, and did not know when he would return, and sat him down to come to the end of this mystery. Promptly at 9 o'clock, after one or two more visitors had come and had seated themselves in the waiting-room, the sliding door to the inner offices opened, and a young fellow with keen black eyes, aged about 22, appeared in the opening.

"Dr. Egan will see the 9 o'clock appointee," were his words.

The Editor stumbled to his feet and made his way, following the direction indicated, into a large consulting library, whose walls seemed to contain blueprints and diagrams of piping. A mahogany desk was filled with papers, and a bookcase near by was jammed with volumes. A huge red-faced Irishman, serious sky-blue eyes and broad shoulders, his hair combed into a pompadour above a pugnacious chin, sat at the desk. He drew from a filing-case a huge white card as the Editor dropped into the waiting chair.

"Now, what is the case?" he asked, dipping his pen into the ink.

"I must have made a mistake," stammered the Editor. "They told me on account of the water coming up in the washbowl and all the plumbers not being able to do anything, to see Egan, but I'll go at once if——"

"Describe the case," said P. Michael Egan. "You have come to the right place. First tell me when the initial symptoms started, and give, as near as possible, the numbers and dates of reoccurences of the attacks."

The Editor stared for a moment, and then proceeded to relate how the water had one day seeped up into his washbowl and, as near as possible, the dates and reoccurrences of this annoying thing."

P. Michael Egan followed him closely, taking down every word and occasionally asking a pertinent question. At last the history card was finished. Egan pressed a button at the side of his desk. The young black-haired fellow appeared. "I want you to meet Dr. Hennessey," he said to the Editor. "Dr. Hennesey is my assistant, taking his post-graduate course here with me." He looked at his assistant. "Dr. Hennesey, we have a most interesting case here. Read it over. What do you think of it?"

Dr. Hennesey read over the history card. "I would say, Dr. Egan," he said a little bit bashfully, "that it was a lateral lesion in the piping."

Dr. Egan shook his ponderous-jowled head. "Wrong, doctor," he said smiling. "Too general—not specific enough. We have all the indications of a posterior lesion all right, with a seepage of foreign matter between walls." He gazed at the Editor. "Upon my hypothesis, I will venture to say that you have at one time or another had sewer symptoms—at least symptoms of sewer backing up on rainy days, and a swishing noise in the faucet when the water was on full force."

The Editor, amazed, nodded his head. "See, Dr. Hennesey, the etiology upon which such a hypothesis was based must surely have caused such symptoms."

"But the swishing noise in the faucet when fully turn——" interrupted young Dr. Hennesey.

"The air sucked in thru the posterior lesion, lying somewhere in the system," said Egan. "Get the instruments, and ring for our machine. We will repair at once to the patient's property."

In less than no time, the Editor found himself sandwiched in between the two men in a machine, rapidly swirling out to the domicile belonging to himself and friend wife. The conversation was above his head, and, fact, the two professional men did not deign to converse with him at all.

Arriving at home, they hopped out, taking with them "the instruments," as they called them, which were encased in a carpet bag and clanked dolorously, smacking of everyday plumbers' tools! Reaching the washbowl on the first floor, Dr. Egan rolled up his sleeves. Dr. Hennesey unrolled the carpet bag.

"The thermometer first," said Egan. It was handed to him. He laid it on the drain pipe, and then examined it.

"Two degrees above normal for this section of the city," he said gravely and authoritatively. "Rapid evaporation and access to air, all right. Now the electric leakometer, Doctor."

It was handed to him. It looked to

(Continued on Page 21.)

$12.50 Goodyear Raincoat Free.

Goodyear Manufacturing Company, 4107 Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to their friends. If you want one, write today.—Advertisement.

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

Not Much to Choose.

Manager of Registry Office—What was the matter with your last place?

Domestic—The couple had only been married a month, and I couldn't stand th' love-makin'.

Manager—Well, here's a chance in a house where the couple have been married ten years.

Domestic—That's too long. I likes peace and quiet.

Poor Philistine!

Mrs. Dibley (with newspaper)—Says here that D. W. Griffiths invented the close-up.

Dibley—Who's he—dancing master?

Knows and Disapproves.

"Heaven knows how Sharp made his money."

"That's probably why he wears that worried look."

Permissison Granted.

"I am thinking of taking dancing lessons, uncle," said old Dorsey Dudgeon's favorite niece.

"Hop to it!" grunted the venerable curmudgeon.

Complimenting Paris.

Before the Army draft blew Sam Johnson away from his presenat job as chauffeur in Jackson, Miss., that city represented to him all that was metropolitan. Sam came home not many weeks ago from a tour of duty in a labor battalion in France, however, with new standards of comparison.

His employer, questioning him about his travels, asked him how he liked New York.

"Well, boss," he said, "I didn't like New York so much. Hit ain't nothing like Jackson." He paused a moment and added, "But Paris, now, Paris hit do favor Jackson."

Important.

The Girl at the Window—Yes, madam, this is the information bureau. What do you wish to know?

The Woman Outside—I'd like to know how much you paid for that georgette crepe waist you're wearing?

A Bit of a Strain.

Owing to the limitations of his purse the theatrical manager traveled with a short company.

One afternoon he called one of the actors to him and remarked: "Look here, Burke, you'll have to play three parts tomorrow night in 'The Silent Foe'—Henderson, Uncle Bill and the Spider."

"Can't do it!" retorted Burke, briefly but firmly.

"Why not?" asked the manager.

"Because it can't be done. No human being could play these three parts at the same time. In the third act Henderson and the Spider have a fight and Uncle Bill rushes in to separate 'em. Give us a chance, guv'nor."

Insuring Silence.

"How did Jones manage to reform that nagging wife of his?"

"He bribed her hairdresser to tell her that talking caused wrinkles."

Not Even That.

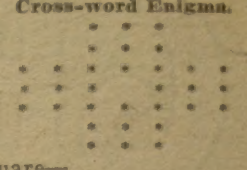
"Young Mr. Smiers says he is wedded to his art."

"Indeed! I shouldn't have judged from his pictures that he was even engaged to it."

Brain Teasers.

Cross-word Enigma.

352—



Upper square—
My first is a beverage.
My second we do three times a day.
My third you did to your breakfast.
Left square—
My first ladies wear around their necks.
My second is used in rowing.
My third is a part of the verb "to be."
Right square—
My first is in the head.
My second is a word used for "yes."
My third is used to catch sounds.
Lower square—
My first means before.
My second is a part of a shad that is good to eat.
My third is a slippery snake.

Hour-glass Puzzle.

353—

. . . . . Found on boats.
. . . . A beverage.
. . . A vowel.
. . . . A playing card.
. . . . . To compare.
Centrals form a timepiece.

A Bird Ladder.

354—Uprights are two birds. The top of the ladder is formed by a vowel and a consonant.

. . Rungs.
1 . . . . 1. A tree.
2 . . . . 2. A town in Brazil.
3 . . . . 3. Apart.
4 . . . . 4. A dishonest person.
5 . . . . 5. Lines from the center to the
6 . . . . the circumference of a
7 . . . . circle.
. . . 6. A vegetable.
7. A person indifferent to pleasure or pain.

The bottom of the ladder is formed by two consonants.

Four-word Square.

355—1. A shelter for cattle.
2. In a certain place.
3. The name of a lake.
4. The name of a graceful animal.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

348—Numerical Enigma.

"Conscience is the highest of all courts." Crosswords: Science, highest, courts, conflagration, sleigh.

349—Syncopated Name Transpositions.

1. Hiram-harm. 2. Mark-ram. 3. Edgar-rage. 4. Basil-sail. 5. Alfred-alder. 6. Daniel-laden. 7. Leon-one. 8. Ralph-harp.

350—Metamorphoses.

1. Book, cook, cork, cord, card.
2. Camp, tamp, tame, tape, type.
3. Call, hall, hull, hurl, hurt.
4. Path, pate, date, dote, dose.

351—Four-word Square.

R A I N
A C M E
I M P S
N E S T

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

The Fortune Teller.

Fortune Teller—And, above all, sir, you must beware a tall, heavy set lady with blue eyes——

Client—A white hat and blue dress—thank you, I knew that beforehand—that's my wife.

No Value.

"Girlie, don't you think Spanish would help you in your office work?"

"I can't see that I need it. There are no Spaniards among the young men working in our office."

Beyond His Powers.

"I hear that you are learning Russian."

"No, I'm merely studying it."

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E. M. Davis Products Co., Dept. 4107, Chicago, Ill., is making an offer to send a handsome fur coat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend their line. If you want one, write today.—Advertisement.

TOO MANY BERRIES

BY AUGUSTIN W. BREEDEN

HERE is one of those amusing college stories that happens to be about ten percent college and ninety percent amusement! You'll find several chuckles hiding away in its situations, and you ought to find at least a smile at the end.

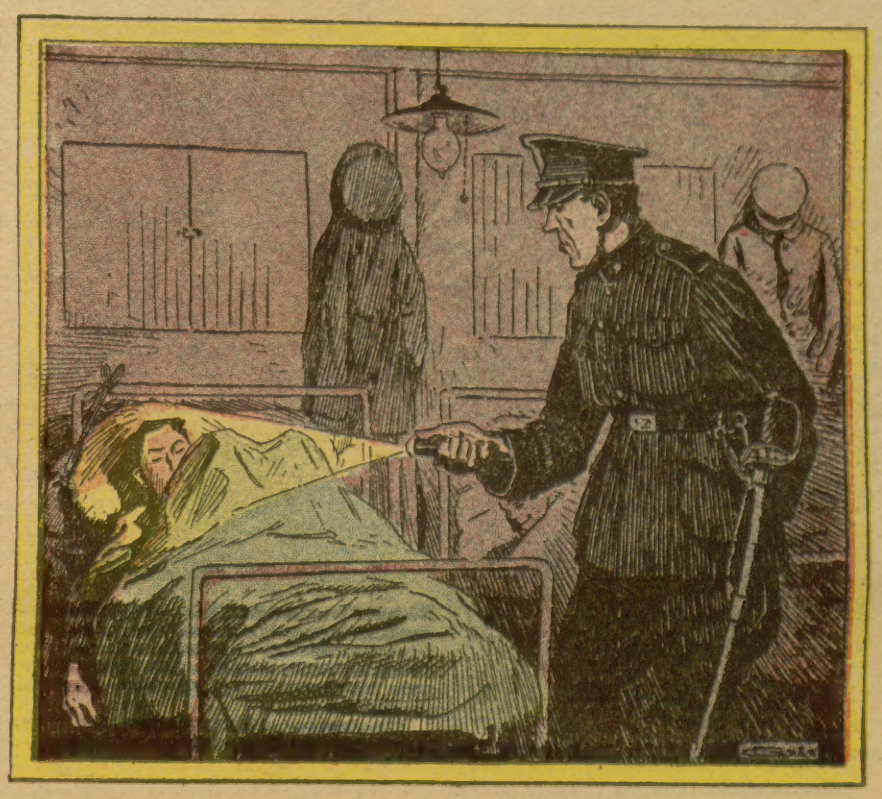
I Plainly Saw a Belt and a Six-gun Swinging at His Side.

MY MEMORY of that night's doings is like one of the old "chase" pictures the movies in the days of their swaddling clothes used to perpetrate. I didn't see myself while I was running, but nevertheless I can see myself now running, running, always running. There were four of us who decided one warm night that we would go to the berry patch belonging to the military college where I was then a senior and purloin a few of the berries. There was a half moon, hiden most of the time by scurrying clouds, but coming forth all too brightly at times, and the night was balmy and romantic. The four of us were Lengthy, Knowledge, Hawg and Little-un. Little-un was I. My philosophy is, name a man according to his characteristics and he will live up to them. Parents ought never to name babies; they should wait till their children have reached the age of accountability and their characters are formed; then some name will come naturally and will stick.

We knew there was a guard at the school gardens, and that he usually passed the length of the rows, so we hoped to do our foraging by fits and starts, starting a little after he started toward the other end of the fild and fitting our time to his perambulations. Knowledge acted as our scout and the agreement was that he should whistle do me sol if we were to retreat and make toward the right, and sol me do if we were to retreat in the left hand direction. The rest of us, to repay him, were to put every other berry we picked into our caps and save them for him. Thus he was to have three men's share due to the power of mind over matter.

Well, we were stumbling along in the semi-darkness feeling for the berries, getting more green ones than ripe, and gritting our mouths with the sand that stuck to them when suddenly out of the calm night: Do me sol, sol me do. What could such a signal mean? It was manifestly impossible to retreat both left and right at the same time. But while we hesitated, paralyzed with doubt, on came Knowledge at top speed, and there was some one behind him. Lengthy at once joined him and I at once put in behind the two, taking up a place about half way between them and their pursuer. We were going diagonally across the rows, and about the third jump I took I struck a bank of land used to keep the ground from washing, and down I came. I started running before I got up, and down I came for a second time. By this time the heavy step behind me was close indeed. I was not sure that it was not Hawg, because Hawg had a heavy tread and panted like that when he ran, so I foolishly turned my head to see. The man who ran behind me was a big six-footer and I plainly saw a belt and six guns swinging at his thigh. "Would you kill a senor for a few strawberries," I wondered. "Well, perhaps you would," and I at once did myself proud as a sprinter.

Our route now lay across a patch of sweet corn in the tasseling stage; the ground between the rows was in that ideal stage known to farmers as well pulverized. My lightness was of a little advantage here, perhaps, and I made all possible use of it. I looked ahead and noted that Knowledge was planting his feet every time near the stalk where the ground was comparatively hard and I at once began to imitate him, but alas,



He Came, but Found Us All Sleeping Like Innocent Lambs.

I had not his stride and I more than once fell sadly short. Lengthy was doing better. He was leaving us all behind and was literally clearing a right of way across that corn, if one was to judge by the noise of crashing stalks.

WE WENT from corn to cauliflower, from cauliflower to beets, from beets to string beans, and from that to raspberries. Among the pole beans Knowledge began to zigzag and he kept it up among the raspberries. I wanted to imitate him, but alas, I had no time for zigzagging. I had forgotten what our course presented after raspberries, but judged it to be a dairy product, as filberts and wine were never served on our tables. It was—a dairy product. I fell for the third time, and arose running; but I had the pleasure of hearing my pursuer give a huge grunt as he fell at the same spot.

I came out on the open greensward and the moon came out from the clouds at the same moment. Then I caught a fleeting glance of Lengthy far ahead and still going strong, and of Knowledge a little way ahead, and doing his level best, and very good, too, considering that he had for nearly four years led a very sedentary life.

We now had the dairy on our right and a lake on our left. "The soup and fish should have come before the vegetables," I thought, humorously, but I had no breath with which to chuckle at my own joke. We should soon be off the campus and among lanes and allies and back lots. Only one more obstruction lay before us before we should leave the college grounds. This was an artificial earthwork, perhaps built there in the days of Solomon by his fellow builders in America. The sides were steep, and I wondered if I should ever make its summit. I knew I could get down all right. But just what lay immediately beyond this earthwork? For the life of me I could not remember. I had been there only the afternoon before in company with sweet Kitty Marbury; but one does not take close-up views from the top of a moundbuilders' mound, but looks into the blue distant or into nearby blue depths of eyes, especially when one is 21 and the girl is sweet 19. I remembered well the far-off surroundings of that earthwork, but of the immediate environs nothing.

So up its grassy sides I scrambled like a rat and across the top under the dark cedar trees I plunged. Then in a moment I saw what lay before me like a map. To the extreme left, fifty yards away, lay the shrubby shores of the lake; to the right a flock of kitchen gardens trimmed with high picket fences; straight ahead—a difficulty. The difficulty consisted of a railroad, fenced I knew, a black ditch running parallel to it, a narrow lane off to the right at a very slight angle and between the lane and the railroad and ditch a sharp splinter of field, fenced to its very apex at the foot of the mound, by some penurious old rascal determined to have all his ground to the last inch.

Now, while my startled mind took in this map, I was already plunging down the side of the mound with my pursuer so close behind me that if I fell I knew he would land squarely upon me. Lengthy was nowhere to be seen, but Knowledge was close before me, and the momentum of both of us was carrying us inevitably toward the wrong side, the ditch side, of that horrible wedge of field. I saw Knowledge hurtle to the wrong side of the big end post that marked the point of the apex, and then I saw him spurt and disappear. "Then there's running space between the ditch and the fence, thank the Lord," I thought.

And a moment later I was in that narrow space and doing my best. I saw Knowledge halt, catch the fence and vault over into the field, and I wanted to do the same, but by this time my pursuer was so close that I could hear his loud breathing behind me. So I raced on. The path grew narrower and narrower. Twenty feet ahead I saw it disappear. "Darn that old farmer's penuriousness," I thought, as I made

"Come in Here! Come in Here!" She Called Cautiously.

a wild leap into that dark ditch. I flew thru the air as if I had jumped into the bottomless pit and landed at last up to my knees in a pile of tin cans. You can imagine the report. I was barely out and still rattling among the cans when I heard my avenging angel hit the same pile.

CLANG, clang, clangity-clang I went, for there were many piles of cans in that ditch. Clang, clang, clangity-clang he came on after me. The bottom of the ditch was wet, but there were a few planks here and there and I happened to score a bit of luck in hitting two or three of them safely, while I had the pleasure of hearing my pursuer fall in the mud.

"Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg!" I quoted, and, suiting the action to the sentiment, I gained enough to have time to scramble out of that trench. Once in the open and upon grass I spurted. I thought I had lost my man; but no, there he was still behind me.

Then I became angry. "I'll leave him behind if I have to run all night," I gritted. I gained a road, a street, I was at last upon a cement walk. Now for some foot work! I passed by houses lighted up fully and with people sitting upon the front verandas in the cool.

"Here comes another," I heard from the shrill voice of a boy.

"That's the man that's chasing them," said a masculine voice.

"No, there's another, still," screeched a woman.

I now recognized my surroundings for the first time. Half a block on was the home of sweet Kitty Marbury. I had forgotten what was beyond that. As I approached the house I saw the porch light suddenly switched out. Dear little Kitty, she had recognized me and was helping all she could. I needed help. I was merely trotting now, a slow trot. Then as I passed the house I remembered—beyond the next house was a blind alley. My man was close behind me, trotting like myself.

There were people on the veranda of the next house. It was high off the ground. I turned from the walk and dove under. I scrambled on all fours. The ground sloped upward and the space was becoming narrow. I looked back. There in the light I saw my pursuer dive under. I rolled out at the side, leaped up and started footing it back toward sweet Kitty's house.

"Come in here! Come in here!" she called, cautiously.

I leaped up the steps and into the hallway.

"To the right! There into my room!" The hall was in darkness, but I heard several feminine giggles.

I stepped into the dark room, caught the sweet odor of lavender perfume, and the next instant had flung open the shutter and leaped out. I looked around. My pursuer was coming around the corner of the house.

"I will win or die!" I said to myself; for fair eyes were now looking, figuratively, upon my deeds.

Roses, lilacs, and thyme now greeted me successively with their sweet breath as I sped along. Then, blam! I went full tilt into a high chicken fence. But I had thrown up my hands and they had struck the top rail. In an instant I had scrambled over. As I alighted and started to run I went full tilt into a cow that had chosen that inauspicious moment to get up. I fell on my face, got up and started just in time to strike a second

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Waitin' Peeley's Vigil

by OSCAR H. ROESNER

The Concluding Installment

BUT not long did Barry give himself over to cogitations of this kind with such dire peril menacing him. He could hear the ferocious creature snarling savagely there in the darkness. And tho he could see but the balefully blazing eyes, he knew that the maddened animal was preparing to spring. With a courage born of desperation, Barry stepped quickly forward and wrenched the miner's pick from its place in the wall. As he did so a terrifying scream greeted him; the points of fire disappeared. A snarling form came leaping thru the air. He stepped a bit to one side and met it with a terrific swing of the pick. He was knocked, half-stunned, against the wall as the screaming creature thudded to earth just beyond him, writhing and snarling horribly.

Terrified, Barry started to run, slipped in a pool of ooze and fell. When he managed to scramble to his feet the great cat's cries had ceased. He saw it lying still in the faint moonlight. Then he realized as if by a miracle he had driven the pick, which had been dragged from his hands, home to a vital spot in the beast's body, probably the brain. Shaken and unnerved at his narrow escape, he staggered a few feet forward, then leaned weakly against the wall to catch his lost breath and regain his shattered poise.

After resting a bit he groped slowly forward into the thickening gloom. As he blundered painfully along his thoughts flew to the outside, to the cabin on Baldy Knob. He wondered what had taken place there. A spasm of despair took him as he recognized how futile now was his chance of arriving there in time to be of any service if danger threatened its occupants. He might not be able to find his way out of the mine for hours, maybe not until daylight, perhaps not at all. Evidently the great cat had not been able to do so. The idea gave him a cold shock, and by a strong effort of the will he shoved the grewsome thought aside and concentrated on the immediate problem.

He forged ahead, striking a match now and then as the tunnel turned or widened or offered other difficulties. He found it very rough going because of various irregularities in the old floor. Several times he strayed into smaller passages leading from the main tunnel. Presently the floor sloped smartly upward, then leveled again, and he came in sharp contact with a wall. Striking a match he found himself in a large chamber, the tunnel opening to his right. He was groping toward it when a sound brought him to an abrupt stop, his heart throbbing wildly.

At Sight of Him the Two Rogues Halted With Sharp Exclamations, Incredulous Amusement Showing on Their Hard Faces.

Some one was approaching hurriedly from the opposite direction, and with a light. Tingling with surprise and trepidation, Barry crouched tense against the wall and waited. Soon the thick gloom lightened perceptibly. Then he caught above the hasty beat of footsteps the sound of rapid breathing. With muscles quivering he rose ready to spring upon the intruder, if necessary.

The next moment into the chamber a panting figure hurried, then paused uncertainly, glancing about, a lighted lantern held high above its head. Barry shrank against the wall, dumfounded. It was the mountain girl. Suddenly her searching eyes rested upon him. With a low, gasping sob of despair she started back, as tho she had glimpsed an apparition. Barry advanced toward her slowly. Even by the dimly flaring light she carried he caught the sudden rapt illumination of her wan face at his words, and the heart of him sang and exulted. Her fluttering lips breathed brokenly: "Oh—I'm so—glad—glad!" With an effort she got command of herself and gasped hurriedly: "They shot poor Pap. . . . Then at me, but missed. . . .

For a few moments the girl cowered abjectly, then straightened suddenly, and Barry knew by the look on her tired features that despite his torn clothes and bedraggled appearance she had recognized him.

She uttered a low, bitter cry. "You, you!" she challenged thru gasping sobs. "They sent you here while they—oh, oh!" Her voice trailed off despairfully. She was pale, worn and disheveled. The bandages were gone and a big bruise shone livid on one cheek.

INSTANTLY Barry divined that she associated him with the sinister father and son. Throwing all the feeling possible into his tones, he cried with vibrant intensity: "No, no; they did not send me. I was on my way to help you when I fell into the mine at the cave-in. Quick, tell me what I can do to help you. Where are they?"

Part One Retold for You

"WAITIN' PEELEY," as the mountain folk preferred to call him, to foil a band of robbers, had hidden a fortune in gold—nuggets and dust—in the mine he continued to work after a lazy partner had quarreled with him and disappeared. When the mine became flooded, cutting off the giant prospector and miner from his treasure, he sunk a notched pole into the mouth of the mine, and for five years, at the opening of the story, he had kept constant vigil, hoping for a recession of the water. His pretty daughter, whom he calls "Honey Rose," was the only other occupant of the huge miner's cabin in the hills.

BARRY LARKIN, a young engineer, while in the mountain country for a month's outing, with his donkey, Jerry, carrying his camping outfit, was warned by two mountain "characters" to keep a respectful distance from "Old Waitin' Peeley," his cabin and his pretty daughter.

An earthquake rocks and rents the hills, giant trees are toppled over and great crevices are opened in the cliffs. After the tremblor had subsided a young girl, suffering from injuries, came tumbling down from a rocky decline to his feet.

HONEY ROSE, the giant miner's daughter, refused Barry's offer to assist her to her father's cabin; but he does it, despite her verbal resistance. Twice he is chased away by the irate father, who finally sends bullets from his Winchester after the retreating young engineer.

Finding that the water in the mine has been lowered by the earthquake, Barry resolved to enter the deserted chambers in search of adventure and treasure. In one of the tunnels he came face to face with a frenzied mountain lion, whose mate he had heard before, as it answered the deafening crashes caused by the quake with roarings that at times held the courageous young man almost transfixed in his tracks.

I slipped outside and they couldn't find me. . . . They'll follow me when they find the map." She held up two strong canvas bags. "See, I've brought the sacks. Pap always kept them and the lantern ready in the tunnel. . . . Oh, we must hurry, hurry. Come."

She moved off swiftly down the way Barry had come. Mystified, but greatly elated at her safety and sudden trust in him, he followed after, ready to dare for her anything she might ask. Gently he relieved her of the bags. She gave him a trusting, grateful look, then hastened on.

When they had almost reached the cave-in she stopped suddenly and said: "There ought to be a pick somewhere in the wall near here. We must have it."

"Wait here just a minute and I'll get it," Barry answered. "I know where it is."

She waited while he crept forward. Quickly he retrieved the pick from the dead cat's carcass. She looked at him with wondering amaze when she saw the beast's body.

"It attacked me and I killed it with the pick," Barry explained simply. Its mate on the rim of the cave-in caused me to fall in the water." He saw warm admiration glow in her eyes, but without a word she turned and led the way thru a narrow opening that Barry had failed to notice before. They stood in a broad, high chamber. A tunnel, now blocked with fallen debris, entered it from the other side.

For a few moments the girl paused in the center, carefully taking her bearings; then she went straight to where a large rock jutted from the wall. "Dig here," she commanded, indicating a spot beneath it.

Barry swung the pick. After a few blows in the muddy soil the pick came in contact with a hard substance. At the next blow it stuck. Barry pried on the handle and a rusty iron band snapped and popped out, bringing with it bits of rotting wood. Soon he had uncovered the top of a heavy box. He sunk the pick into this and pried. A section of the rotting top tore loose, exposing the contents. It was nearly filled with buckskin bags of various sizes. In one that the point of the pick had rent he caught the dull gleam of coarse gold. At the sight his eyes protruded and he exclaimed involuntarily: "Why, there's thousands of dollars here."

"Nearly fifty," said the girl without surprise. Then in distressed accents she added, "But we must hurry, hurry." Hastily she set the lantern down and held open one of the canvas bags. Without further comment Barry began transferring the gold-filled pokes swiftly from the box to it. When he had transferred about two-thirds of the contents of the box to the bag, the girl stopped him with a swift gesture, caught up the other bag and said, "This one is for me to carry. I was going to hide the gold in a new place so's old Rett Sporgins and his boy Zeke couldn't find it, but now we'll take it out with us, the water may come in again. Hurry, hurry," she beseeched, and Barry complied.

As soon as he had placed the last pouch in the big sack the mountain girl swung the latter across her shoulders with an ease that surprised Barry, considering what she had been thru; then she picked up the light and started toward the narrow entrance calling back the single word, "Hurry!"

BARRY shouldered the other sack and followed. They had taken but a few steps in the main tunnel when the girl stopped suddenly, a low exclamation escaping her. Barry glanced up in time to see her put out the light with deft swiftness. As she crowded back against him he saw, over her shoulder, two armed men, one carrying a pitch-pine torch, round a slight curve in the tunnel. At sight of the girl they halted abruptly, and Barry noted the venal and fiendish delight that swept over the faces of the two precious villains as they did so.

"Ha, you catamount, we got you now," snarled the son. "Thought you'd beat us, did you? We'll show you a thing or two." The pair advanced with menacing intent.

At once Barry was aware they had not yet noticed him. Swiftly a plan of action formed in his mind. He whispered to the girl to back into the chamber they had just quitted, then he stepped boldly in front of her. At sight of him the two rogues halted with sharp exclamations, incredulous amazement showing on their faces. From the corner of his eye Barry saw the girl slip thru the narrow opening into the large chamber. As the two rascals stood nonplussed he suddenly sprang back to the same entrance and was about to step thru, but stopped stock-still as the tun-

(Continued on Page 16.)

FIFTY-FIFTY—HERE and HEREAFTER

by HOWARD PHILIP RHOADES

"SPIRITS are the bet of the hour," said Ben Hampton impressively. "Your high-brow authorities have the world all excited, and your public is nosing around the theater door like a hungry colt. But so far nobody's had gumption enough to open a box-office—and a bank account."

"You mean——" George Darby began, a question in his handsome boyish face.

"The psychic wave you read about—the thing the Sunday editors began to shovel in the void where the war left off. Maybe it's the natural intellectual reaction following a period of world stress. Maybe only a new sheep drive with a couple of eminent old ba-bas in the lead. I don't know—nor care. What I do mean is that there ought to be a financial residue—dripping in some wise gazabo's hat."

"I don't know, Ben," said Darby. "Things have changed. It isn't so much cabinets, and mediums, and bell-ringings nowadays. It's—well—dignified."

Ben Hampton smiled, a gray-haired wise-visaged seer, steeped in the experience of half a century, mocking the guess of youth. He laughed out of eyes still sharp and blue, and out of a ruddy face just touched by the first impress of coming age.

"Up Broadway," he said, "is a museum full of human freaks. Mr. Barnum used to run one. And he didn't have to pay the rent these folks do. Have circuses started to go broke, and have burlesque shows which carry fifteen girls stopped advertising fifty? The good old human race still begs to be amused—and bunked."

"But——"

"I know, George. Here's what you mean: Methods change. Don't mix them with people. I admit you couldn't have a spirit show nowadays without culture, and dignity, and restraint. But, believe me, also it would be a fizzle without a punch."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you'd give them an intellectual feast, a little religion for relish, astronomy for soup, geology for entree, physics for main course, and a good shot of psychology and spiritism for desert. Then they'd go home, and say in a self-satisfied way: 'Yes, there must be something in this spiritualist thing. What do we have tomorrow, my dear, tenderloin or pork roast?'"

"You wouldn't do it that way?"

"No. Give them all this intellectual, dignified stuff. But show them a spirit. Then they'll go home, looking back every few paces to make sure something don't grab them, and, when they actually live until morning, go out and talk so you'd ought to have the Hippodrome for the rest of the run."

"Great! But where do you get Mr. Spirit?"

Hampton laughed wisely. "Now you're reaching the point," he said. I didn't broach this spirit subject just to talk. I happen to own the only real materializing device that was ever invented."

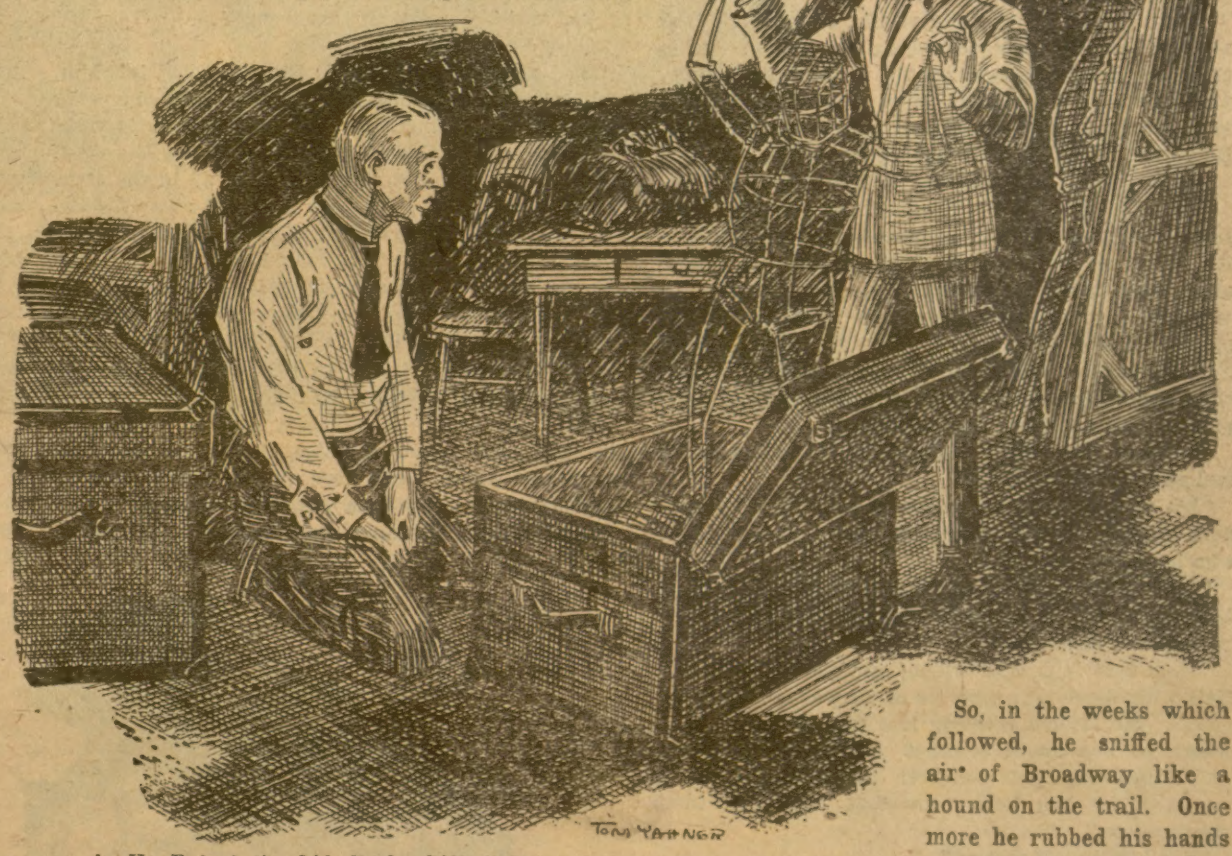
"You've got——"

"Got it—and a plan of action. George, I haven't forgotten your support in other things that netted us a few dimes before the public—or the law—got wise. You've got the nerve, and you've got the looks. I don't need the money, but I simply can't resist. I want you with me. How do you stand on a partnership proposition?"

"Right there," said Darby, warmly shaking his hand.

"Good! I've always gone fifty-fifty with every partner I ever had, and you're the same. I'll assume entire charge. All you have to do is be the professor, and take half the money."

"Well, I've been a professor of patent medicine



As He Raised the Lid, Darby Lifted Out a Strange Framework, Somewhat Like a Human Form.

and aesthetic dancing, so I guess I can catch the swing. What's the first move?"

"I wish you'd collect all that's been written on this new spiritism. From this data I'll write the act. Then——"

"Yes," Darby prompted.

"One more thing—an important one. We've got to have a girl—good-looking, young, and fashionable."

Darby's face lighted. "Must she be a medium—or anything?"

"No, she just dresses off the act. The finer she looks and the less she knows, the better."

"I've got the very girl. Just met her recently. I don't know anything about her except she's been on the stage—and she looks like a million dollars."

"We'll bill her under some fancy English name as 'The beautiful student of psychic phenomena,' or something like that. She'll draw in the men, just as her young and classic mug will get the women. The main thing is this, you see, is knowing the ways of spirits—the kind which still inhabit bodies."

BEN HAMPTON had made a comfortable fortune out of the show business. He spoke truly when he said he didn't need the money. But if he was free from this universal worry he was infected with another tendency to him equally productive of unrest. His many years in the show business had bred in him the urge to take advantage of opportunities, the inability to overlook a "good bet."

So, in the weeks which followed, he sniffed the air of Broadway like a hound on the trail. Once more he rubbed his hands over proofs of advertisements and lithographs and knitted his brows as he built up and pruned what he was pleased to call "the act." He was so full of the thing, and so earnest in his plans that he couldn't understand why some one else hadn't thought of the same thing. But all his fearful delvings into show papers, and his listenings with an ear to the hard surface of Broadway were vain. Whereat he smiled, and chuckled, and went at it harder than ever.

There were delays, of course. But withal it was only a month later when the two men and their feminine companion stepped off the train one morning in the little Ohio city of Randall.

"Nice place, isn't it?" asked Hampton, as they walked up from the railroad station. "Just near enough the big cities to catch a whiff of the spirit stuff, and far enough in the woods not to know too much about it."

"I haven't a thing for you young folks until tomorrow," he continued. Your wardrobe, Miss Charlton—it's all complete?"

Miss Charlton's big blue eyes raised slowly. There was a restraint, a sophisticated, assured restrain about this lithe, slender beauty who had been engaged as their assistant. She was a well-developed, active girl, who may have been a chorister, or an acrobatic dancer when she was on the stage. And she had enigmatic eyes which seemed to say a great deal without making definite assertions, or hold back a lot while appearing affable.

Now she said in her soft voice: "Everything's ready, Mr. Hampton."

"Good! I don't think," he said, as he looked

at her admiringly, "that we'll have any trouble getting in contact with the male spirits!"

"Isn't she a peach?" asked Darby, after they had been assigned to their rooms at the hotel. "And I'm making progress, Ben. I'm making progress."

"Take care of her, my boy," smiled Hampton. "I leave you and her to Randall for the rest of the day. I've got to get busy."

Fifteen minutes later he was shaking hands with the manager of the Opera House, where they were to appear two nights later.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Ward," Hampton said. "I see from the billboards and the newspapers that you've taken care of things in fine style. Now there's just one thing worrying me."

"Yes," said Ward.

"Mr Ward, ours is a dignified, scientific study of progressive conditions. Yet the public for years, perhaps centuries, has been so afflicted by fakes and charlatans, that I am afraid we will not reach the better class of thinking people here. The more of them we get the greater our success."

Ward nodded.

"Now, I can't go to these people. It wouldn't look right. Yet we have something to impart—something in which the best people in your community will be vitally interested. If you could go to them in person, and give them your own word that——" He paused, as if he were asking too much.

"I'd be glad. You want me to tell them——"

"That Dr. Orlando Cherrington, the psychic whom I am managing, will try—emphasize that he will try, for we do not know that he will succeed—to materialize before their eyes spirit life. Only say that he will try, for this never has been done outside the psychic laboratories across the water. If he can do this stupendous thing, so often claimed, but never truly accomplished by charlatans, then some of those present will see their departed ones."

Mr. Ward was visibly impressed. He took a pencil and paper to make a list.

"We should reach the older generation of prominent citizens," said Hampton, "particularly those who have lost relatives."

"Let's start then," said Ward, "with old J. B. Marvin. "He's an ex-mayor, and a civic leader."

"Put him down."

"Then there's Calvin Tilden, our oldest banker. He's a big financial supporter of all welfare movements. Mr. Tilden recently lost his grandson, to whom he was much attached and who was his only remaining close relative. Since then, I understand, he has been somewhat interested in spiritualism."

"See him by all means."

"And Mr. Timmons. By the way, he's a cousin of a man you may have known—the old showman, Jeff Bond."

A strange look came into the face of Ben Hampton. "Jeff—Jeff Bond?" he questioned, his voice breaking weakly.

"Yes. He traveled out of New York for years with various shows. Mr. Bond was born here in Randall, and when he died, some years ago, they brought the body here for burial. A very few of his more distant relatives, like Mr. Timmons, still live hereabouts."

"I guess—I guess I've heard of him. Who are some more?"

The list was soon completed. Hampton went about his other business calls, but from that moment there was a difference in his manner. The brave gusto and zest with which he had pushed the preparations somehow were impaired. He smiled and shook hands all the way along the line, but he was preoccupied, and a peculiar uneasiness grew upon him, the further he went.

LEAVING a printshop where he had engaged a last bit of advertising to be distributed broadcast, he crossed the street to find himself suddenly facing a tall iron fence behind which were the lawns and white stones of a cemetery. Hampton started, and came to a halt. Again he went forward as if to look beyond the fence. Then he turned and walked briskly in the opposite direction.

Just before lunch time George Darby found him in his room, coat and collar off, and a shining flask in front of him.

"Happy days, George!" cried Hampton, in a tone betraying slightly the influence of that evasive something which current humorists link with cellars.

"Why——" said Darby in surprise, he having seldom seen Hampton drink, and never enough to show its effect. "I thought all the spirits were in the show!"

"Just a little private exhibition, George. Just little exhibition. There"—pouring some into a glass—"don't that make you feel a year younger?"

"My foot's lonesome for the brass rail. But don't you think we'd better cork it until the show's over?"

"Oh—sure, sure. Y'know I was just laughing to think how nervous some guys would be in my shoes. They'd think the spirits was framing them—and all."

"What do you mean?"

"You know—superstitious people," went on Hampton, ramblingly. "They find out—and go off their nuts. But I—why I'm just drinking a toast to him. I toasts. He roasts—a good rhyme on the ol' sucker."

"What old sucker?"

"Jeff Bond. I guess I didn't tell you. He invented this materializing thing I've got. For three years before that he and I'd been honest-to-God reg'lar fifty-fifty partners. I gave him half of all I thought up, and he gave me half—until this thing. He used it one week in Brooklyn, and scared them stiff. Then he ups and dies. And I'd been keeping him all them weeks that he was split up with his wife, at my house down on Twenty-Third street, and he never said a word to me about this thing!"

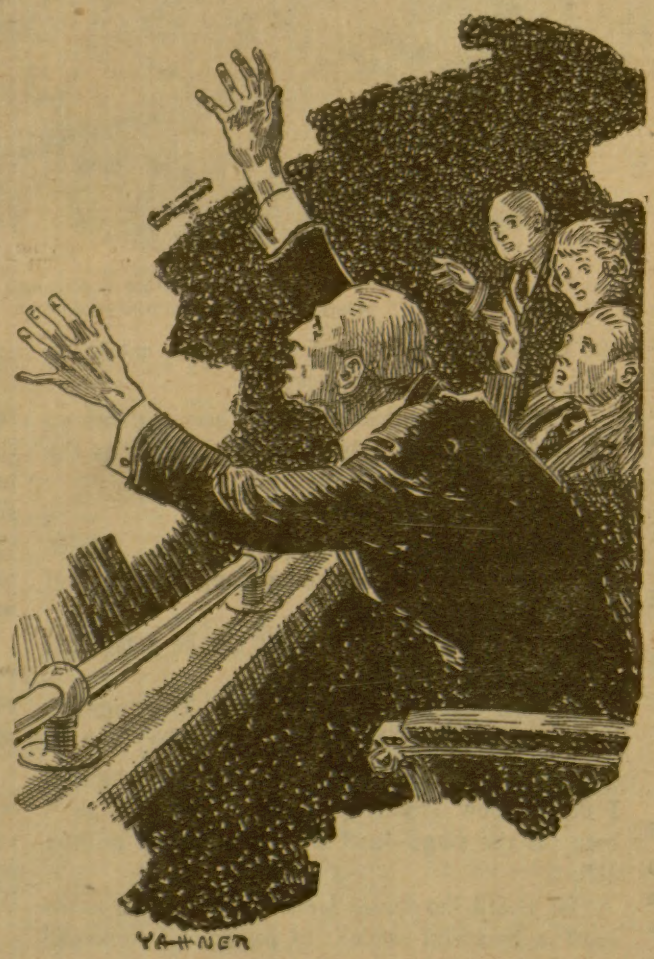
"How did you find out?"

"As I said his wife and his little girl had left him, and gone out to Chicago. Then Mrs. Bond, knowing me to be a friend of his, sent on the keys to their house in Brooklyn, asking me to ship her the stuff. I did, all but this gag, which I found up in the attic. Did I forward it? I did not. I laid it away for the time that I felt was coming. Jeff had a will, but he never said anything about me in it, and as he forgot the fifty-fifty when he invented this I don't see where I'm called upon to divvy with his wife and daughter—even if I knew where they were."

"All very interesting," said Darby. "But why toast old Jeff at this late hour?"

Hampton's face was strangely drawn. "Because," he said with lowered voice, "we're unlimbering his patent ghost right here in his home town—a hundred yards or so from where he's buried!"

"Good night! He may come around and look us over!"



"Harvey!" He Moaned, "Harvey—my—" A Deep Groan and a Dull Thud as His Body Fell Back.

"That's what I was laughing about," said Hampton, with a chuckle shorn of mirth. "That's what a lot of guys would be thinking if they was me. I'd feel that way myself if I'd ever done the old boy any dirt. But I'm on the square with him. Fifty-fifty is here, not hereafter."

"How'd we happen to hit the town where he's buried?"

"Just a chance. I told Joe Adkins what sort of a place I wanted, knowing he books such houses. And here we are."

"After all, old Bond would be glad his invention fulfilled his idea and fooled a few simps."

"If he got his half—you didn't know Jeff."

"You should worry, if you can't find his folks."

"I should. What about lunch?"

When they had finished Hampton sat rather silent and dulled in the relapse which follows the departure of an "edge." His mind seemed turning on something unpleasant, and, altho he appeared to approach it with reluctance, he made himself say: "George—er—I'm afraid I may need you after all this afternoon. Do you—er—mind stepping over to the theater with me? We're not having any stage hands, and I'm afraid I won't be quite able to put thru a mechanical rehearsal alone."

Darby had no immediate plans, and Ward, the manager, who was just about to start forth on his mission of personally soliciting the oldest and best families, let them into the theater. It was a cold, clammy place, full of dead air, as theaters infrequently used are likely to be. Hampton and Darby opened their trunks, and soon were hard at work.

When several thin, almost invisible wires were strung so that they converged at a point just in front of the center of the footlights Hampton opened the last trunk, a small one.

As he raised the lid Darby lifted out a strange framework, somewhat like a human body. Smiling grimly at his partner he said: "Well, here's Jeff!"

"Yes," said the other with a half-hearted smile.

With fingers which were none too certain Hampton opened a compartment of the trunk and laid upon the table a series of ghastly-looking white masks. "These fit on so," he said, adjusting one.

"There are all sorts of types," he continued. "A Kentucky colonel, a grandmother, a young lady, a young boy, and—Gad, I'd forgot—he's made one just like his own face. A rare old joker was Jeff! Now, all these need is a little barbering, for no spirit can hope to succeed nowadays unless he's up on the styles."

"I don't yet understand how its done," Darby said.

"A curious combination of electricity and the application of a phosphorescent preparation. If Bond had put his mind on real problems instead of these things to fool people he wouldn't have left his wife and daughter flat, for he was clever. Just before the 'materialization', you see, the dummy is given the proper head, treated with this preparation, and sent down stage somewhat after the manner of a basket on a patent carrier in a store. Now I'm going to get ready the spirit of old Col. Carter Culpepper Lee. I want you out in front to tell me how he looks."

Darby took a position in the rear of the house. Slowly from the inky darkness before him stood out a strange and ghostly apparition. At first it was but a haze, inchoate, shapeless. Then it grew stronger, and in stealthy fashion came nearer, slowly taking form, and seeming to radiate waves of luminosity which vibrated for a moment, and then blended back into the dark. It was a ghastly, creepy thing, which made Darby grip his seat in spite of himself.

AS THE apparition reached its nearest point there was a final glow of illumination, bringing out the features in a most startling way. Darby shouted: "Great, Ben. It's a knockout! Old Jeff would be proud of the way you handle it."

Hampton made no reply to this surmise, but asked his partner to view the 'materialization' from other points in the house. As the mechanism repeated perfectly Darby watched in delight. Already he saw a New York office with himself in a high capacity helping control the destinies of half a dozen "spirit shows." Then there would be English fields, the magicians' rights, and——

He was startled by a yell.

"George—turn on those lights—my God—I'm——"

Springing thru the darkness, Darby flooded the stage with light. He found Ben Hampton clutching the scenery, a wild look in his face.

"Something—touched me——" he gasped.

"Where were you?"

"Here. I——"

"It was this string," said Darby, with a smile of relief. "Lordy, I thought you were electrocuted!"

"Was it that?" asked Hampton examining a cord hanging from above. "It couldn't have been . . . . Well, maybe it was."

He sat down, perspiration beaded on his forehead.

"You're a little nervous, boss," said Darby. "The rehearsal was great. Now let's forget it until tomorrow. I'm going to the movies with Miss Charlton."

"All right. But, by the way, Darby. I wouldn't let her too far on the inside of things. She might——"

"Don't worry, Ben. We'll probably have to soon. For if things break right we're soon going to have a new partner—named Mrs. Darby. We saw a lot of each other before we left New York, and, if I do say it, I think she likes me. And she's a mighty fine girl. Been on the stage, and around, and all that. But she don't blab—why, she hardly tells me things, so I know."

As Hampton made no further objection Darby went to meet Miss Charlton, and to tell her of the progress of preparations, not excluding a quiet little laugh with her over the peculiar nervousness which Hampton had developed.

Ben Hampton's estimate of the lure of the spirit world was splendidly borne out on opening night. As the orchestra began an overture concert consisting of melodies selected by Hampton to tune the mind of the audience to the supernatural, Ward, the manager, came back to report the last seats sold, and a total of more than a thousand dollars in the house.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Ward," said Hampton. "We'll count up back here. I can't leave the stage, and Dr. Cherrington will be busy all the way thru."

The manager agreed that the division of the money should take place on the stage at once. Then he drew Hampton to the small peek hole in the curtain thru which the actor could see his audience before it sees him.

"You wanted to see the people I called upon," he said. "They are in the first two rows." He began naming them off.

Hampton followed closely, occasionally questioning. He halted Ward at the name of Calvin Tilden. "Yes," said the manager. "The gray-haired man there. He's been a patron of many movements, but much broken up since the death of his grandson, Harvey, and much interested in such experiments as yours."

"At least one of them will see a loved one this evening," said Hampton. "Dr. Cherrington thinks it better to concentrate on one spirit only. In this way his best results were obtained before the Royal British Society."

As Ward went forward to bring back the receipts for the division, Hampton went into the dressing-room where "Dr. Cherrington" was making up.

"How do you feel, Doctor?" he asked.

"Great!" said Darby. "My aura is adjusted, my psychic contacts are highly vibrant, and I feel in the ether an unseen legion begging for intercourse with their brothers of the clay."

"Kid, you're good," encouraged Hampton. "How about the taxi?"

"It will be in the alley at 9 awaiting orders. The chauffeur has already been rendered dumb for the night and all time by the proper treatment."

"All right. We may need him and we may not. I've been too long in the game not to be prepared. Before you're half done, our share will be in the bag, and we'll be in the clear ready to go."

"We'll never need it. Still preparation won't hurt. Now are we all set on Mr. Tilden's grandson?"

"We are. Have a look at his map, will you?"

Hampton drew forth the face of a youth, made by altering one of the old masks to resemble a picture which had been obtained by careful manipulation from the files of a town photographer.

"His image!" Darby declared. "Now I must see Miss Charlton, and we're off. You're feeling all right are you, boss?"

"All primed," said Hampton. But, now that Darby had mentioned his recent nervousness, the oppression which he had dodged so far this evening by the rush of last preparations, caught up to him. He trembled slightly as he took a final look over the crowded house. A moment he fought an impulse to fortify himself. Then, sheltered by a piece of scenery, he took a long draw at his flask.

Now the witching strains of the orchestra softened into a low mystical undercurrent, and Hampton slowly raised the curtain. Immaculate in evening clothes, a winning smile lighting his handsome features, George Darby, impersonating Dr. Orlando Cherrington, the famous English psychic, walked impressively upon the stage. There was no sign of the old-time spiritualistic paraphernalia. The stage was notably empty save for the simple garden setting and the erect dignified figure of the man.

"My friends," he began, in a simple unaffected way, "we are living in a wonderful age. All about us are signs that we are on the eve of momentous discoveries. Man stands near the curtain which hitherto has obscured the future. Shall he draw the curtain, and read the mystery of mysteries as an open book?"

He paused dramatically.

"What have you got, Mr. Ward?" inquired Ben Hampton off stage, where he and the manager were dividing the receipts.

"One thousand and fifty-eight dollars and fifty cents."

"Correct, and half is $529.25. Am I right? There you are. Hasn't the doctor a splendid stage presence? Unusual in a man of science."

The "man of science" was proceeding: "To aid humanity in its struggle toward the light, true, investigators are giving their whole lives. I am fortunate to be so privileged. First of all we must reject all the trickery and fraud and cheap sleight-of-hand of the old school. We must approach the subject with open mind, and a great desire to stand upon purely scientific ground.

HAVING dismissed Mr. Ward and locked the stage door, Ben Hampton crossed to where Miss Charlton stood.

"How do you feel?" he asked as the moment for her cue approached.

"Fine. Mr. Darby tells me you've not been feeling well. Are you better tonight?"

"Yes. Listen!"

"In my experiments, of which you doubtless have read," said Dr. Cherrington, "I have been patiently and tirelessly assisted by a young woman whom I

From the Dark There Glowed Upon Him a Luminous Ghostly Figure.

consider the world's leading feminine psychic. She is here tonight and will aid me in all my undertakings. May I now introduce Miss Beth Lytton-Deerford?"

Toward his hand, dramatically outstretched, walked the beautiful girl, dressed in a gown of the hour, her blue eyes, blond hair and fascinating smile radiating charm.

"Dr. Cherrington" now turned upon mystifying narrations calculated to make the audience receptive to supernatural manifestations. Frequently he called for the "assistance" of his fair colleague, which consisted chiefly in a display of her physical charms in a manner made easy by modern modistes.

But before his audience began to detect the flamboyant nature of his statements and to tire, "Dr. Cherrington" swiftly paved the way to more satisfying things. He suddenly announced in an impressive way that "a psychic call from the outer spaces" had grown insistent, and that a spirit desiring communication with some one present would have to be heard.

"In order not to miss an opportunity which might not come again in months, I think that we will darken the house and invite a materialization. Mr. Stage Manager, will you favor us?"

Darkness—and something the audience didn't see—dropped from the flies. "Dr. Cherrington" spoke on in the darkness, his tones now tinged with a deep mystical ring.

"Let all concentrate on some departed one whom they would like to see. Let all feel the infinite love which links all life together. Banish fear, banish pain, come nearer, nearer, wanderer from the beyond—show us thy face, oh harbinger of a better day. Come nearer, nearer——"

His vibrant tones were blotted out by a sory of general shudder. Beyond the dark was giving away to a ghostly, whitish haze! Forward it moved, growing, expanding, radiating waves of pale violet. Then the lecturer spoke again, his tones isolated and awesome.

"Conversation with a soul detached is not yet possible. But in those of us who have studied is the first made rude signs of a sense which will one day be utilized by all. Let none break the silence, while my mind communes with the departed brother, and learns his wishes."

The apparition was now just before the darkened footlights. A ghostly figure himself the speaker approached the outer circles of radiation. A moment his tall black figure faintly outlined in an attitude of silent attention. Then he leaned down, and said in a low telling voice: "Is Mr. Calvin Tilden present?"

"Yes," came faintly.

At that instant appeared the final glow, bringing out the features.

There was a hoarse gasp from the seat occupied by Tilden. In the darkness the old man half rose. "Harvey!" he moaned. "Harvey—my——" A deep groan and a faint thud, as his body fell back.

"He's fainted—Lights!—Help him," came a panicy chorus. Then in all parts of the house was heard the sound of people rising and beginning to move. It seemed for a moment that disaster was about to drop. But "Dr. Cherrington" did not lose his head. His clear voice rang out: "Friends, sit down just a moment—everybody!"

And Ben Hampton did not fail. His fingers always on the pulse of the exhibition, he realized what had happened the moment Mr. Tilden fainted. Within a few seconds the apparatus used to raise the "spirit" device into the flies had acted, and the lights came on.

Darby was down in an instant, superintending the carrying out of the fainted man and pacifying the crowd. Mr. Tilden had been attended by his secretary, whom Darby personally assisted in placing his now partly conscious employer in a limousine outside. The secretary was impressed and thanked "Dr. Cherrington" warmly. Going back "the doctor" reassured the audience and proceeded with the remainder of the first part.

As it ended Darby found Ben Hampton fingering a bill-book stuffed to bursting. The excitement over the collapse of Mr. Tilden had led Hampton to greater libations, and his voice was not entirely firm as he said: "I got her right in here. I'm going to discard the satchel—so if anything happens they'll have to get me to get the jack."

"Nothing's going to happen, Ben," said his smiling assistant. "We're going fine."

"I'm going to take a look for the taxi, anyhow," said Hampton, and sneaked out the stage door into the darkness. He located the machine, and spoke for a moment with the driver. Returning he nervously paced the floor, awaiting time to start the second part.

The orchestra was playing, and he was ready to raise the curtain, when there was a loud knock at the stage door. He paid no attention, but again it came insistently. Opening it he saw in the dim light two strangers who looked sufficiently different from the average native of Randall to contribute to his uneasiness.

"May I see Dr. Cherrington?" asked one.

"Sorry," Hampton said. "But we're just starting the second part. Dr. Cherrington will be at the hotel at 11, and very glad to see you."

The door again closed and locked he said to Darby, who had approached, questioningly: "I didn't know them. But somehow I don't think we had better hang around too long. When Miss Charlton finishes have her go out and get into the machine. It's best to be prepared."

SOMEHOW the second part didn't seem to move with the dash and snap of the first. The long lecture on "Famous Experiments of European Savants" delivered by "the doctor" and his fair assistant began to reveal its wealth of catch phrases and words, and its lack of real thrills. But good showman that he was, "Dr. Cherrington" detected his waning contact with his audience, and decided that the show to be saved must end in a burst of glory very soon.

So, with a flourish dismissing the "distinguished feminine psychic," he said: "Here, friends, our investigations into the supernatural realm would ordinarily end. But as our materialization experiment was previously interrupted, and as I sense in the outer spaces other psychic entities seeking communication, I will ask if it is the will of the audience that we try the materialization experiment again?"

This was more to the point. The audience was willing. Again the lights were out and again the "professor" summoned from the darkness a pale violet haze. It was the form of a woman. Slowly it moved forward, drawn, it seemed, by the steady, awesome tones of the speaker. Then just as the head was about to glow, giving the weird shape clearness and character, a sudden something, which again introduced chaos, happened.

There was a swish above the heads of those close to the stage, and the "spirit" was moving in a most erratic manner. At two points men were scrambling up over the darkened footlights. Then Hampton was dragging Darby back toward the stage door.

"It's all over," he whispered. "Beat it!"

As they fumbled over to the locked door the lights came on and they glimpsed for an instant a figure standing at the front of the stage, holding up derisively the dummy which had so thrilled the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," they heard a voice call, "as agents of the Institute of Science, we wish to expose——"

Outside they collided with a man approaching the stage door. Darby, believing they were surrounded, would have knocked him down had not he cried: "Dr. Cherrington! You're leaving——"

Darby recognized the secretary of Mr. Tilden, the banker.

"Our assistant is ill," he explained. We're hurrying her to a doctor."

"I won't keep you," said the man. "But here's something from Mr. Tilden. He'd like to see you in the morning."

Darby thanked him graciously, and the machine was quickly gotten under way. Traversing an alley it was soon on a country road, speeding swiftly. They all were silent, Hampton looking furtively behind. After a time when no pursuers appeared he drew some courage from his flask, and said: "What chance has a showman, nowadays, anyhow? It isn't a sucker being born every minute now, but a rich man who finances a d—d institution for investigating every graft but his own. And the little faker is the one who gets it in the neck."

"Right-o!" said Darby. "By the way, let's see what old Tilden sent."

He found a switch and turned on the light. Then he opened a rather fat letter from which he pulled five crisp one hundred dollar bills.

"Look!" he gasped. "Listen:

"Dear Dr. Cherrington," he read. "Your wonderful materialization of my grandson's spirit is of great comfort to me. I knew science would conquer. Allow me, as is my custom, to make a gift which will aid you in continuing with your miraculous work. Hoping that my unfortunate collapse did not embarrass you, and that you will come to see me before you leave, I am, sincerely, Calvin Tilden."

Ben Hampton groaned. "Oh, the lost possibilities of Jeff Bond's ghost!"

"Poor old Jeff got snagged with a fishing line. I think that's what they used," said Darby, dolorously.

"You'll not try it again, Mr. Hampton," said Miss Charlton.

"Impossible. Te try to get the device away from this bunch of killjoys would mean arrest. And I couldn't duplicate it. If I was superstitious and all—like some fellows are—I'd say that old Jeff's ghost was around hoodooing us——"

"Hoodooing!" cried Darby. "Making one thousand in an evening, and not even having to give the inventor his 50 per cent don't look much like a hoodoo to me."

"You're right," said Hampton, his face lighting up, and his ever-present flask aloft. "Here's to Jeff. No matter what happened, I'll sleep with $500 receipts under my pillow tonight and you'll have a $500 gift."

Darby declined the flask from which Hampton drank copiously. After more riding and discussion, they finally came into their destination, a town somewhat larger than Randall on the main line of a great railroad.

Hampton consulted his timetable. "There's a train for New York at 3," he said. "But we may as well get a night's rest. The chauffeur's fixed, so they'll never know where we went."

Nevertheless he thought it prudent not to go to the best hotel, but picked a rambling old frame place on a side street, with a broad porch all the way around the first and second floors. Three rooms were engaged on the second floor, and the two trunks which they had brought along were taken up. Miss Charlton's trunk had been left behind in the rush and Hampton volunteered to give her his small one in which he had carried the "spirit" device.

"The main part lost," he explained. "There's nothing left but those masks and the rest of that junk is no good." He tossed the whole lot into the closet, leaving the trunk open for Miss Charlton's things, which she had been carrying in her arms.

He and Darby withdrew. In Hampton's room they talked for a time, Hampton constantly resorting to the flask, which he drained as there was a knock. Miss Charlton looked in to ask what train they were to take in the morning.

Hampton, walking unsteadily to the door, said: "At 6 we're going, m'dear, and don't you worry. We'll have some-

(Concluded on Page 21.)

The Looting of the Limited

By Franklin Stringfellow

"Fact Is, I Am a Detective!"

(Chapters I to IX)

DANNY KRELL, convicted of a crime of which he was innocent, after serving his term was frequently suspected of being the leader in sensational train robberies, especially by the newspapers, which frequently paraded his name in large type in connection with their reports of such robberies. Danny tired of being their "goat" and resolved to enter the game if he must bear the name. He sought "Long George," a notorious train robber, and the pair planned a "big trick."

MR. TAYLOR, a mysterious and active little man, passenger in one of the Pullmans which constituted the B. & O. Limited, was among the victims stripped of their valuables. After the robbery he volunteered to go up ahead and do his utmost to recover some of the loot, as well as to avenge an insult tendered him by Long George's pal, who was also somewhat short in stature. Some one was thrown out of the express car into the wayside bushes, being badly bruised. The man clung to a bag supposed to contain either money or jewels.

MISS REARDON, another passenger in the Pullman, looked upon the little man, Mr. Taylor, as considerable of a hero, inasmuch as he promised to do his utmost to recover her money and jewelry.

CHARLEY BROWNE, night operator at the depot, turned amateur detective to win the five hundred dollars offered for Danny Krell, train robber, "dead or alive."

LONG GEORGE, after his injury and capture by the police, answered questions so incoherently that the authorities packed him off to an asylum for temporary surveillance. Charley Browne's efforts to solve the train robbery and earn the five hundred dollar reward provided him with plentiful adventures in connection with his regular railroad duties. The mysterious little man kept them all a-guessing and the question, "Is he detective or train robber?" still remained to be settled. The story becomes intensely interesting right here.

This story began in No. 39 the Ledger for Sept. 25. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER X.

JUST an old hat; a frayed, weather-beaten, old felt hat.

Charley eyed his find in deepest disgust. From the tracks above he had glimpsed the hat peeping out from under the bushes, and he had confidently expected to find the dead body of the man he sought wearing it. But when he found only the hat and nothing more—just such a hat as any brakeman or laborer might have thrown away—he felt bitterly disappointed.

"What do you think of that now?" he muttered, giving the unoffending hat a vicious kick. "That ends it. Streeter was——"

He was about to scramble back upon the tracks and make his way homeward as quickly as possible, when he chanced to note the trampled appearance of the undergrowth and grass about him.

"A dog's been wallowing around in here," he thought. Then he happened to glance up the slope and noted the condition of the thicket of bushes. Extending from the trampled spot in which he stood to the top of the embankment, a wide swath of them were bent over or broken.

"That's where the——" He was about to say "dog," when suddenly his mind reverted to the ownerless hat, and the hat, together with the wide swath of maimed and bruised undergrowth in an otherwise perfectly healthy looking expanse of growing shrubs and bushes, caused his thoughts to swerve in another direction.

"That's where the man rolled down hill when he fell off the car, I bet!" he exclaimed suddenly; "and this is the hat he was wearing— —"

Charley was nowise certain that this was the case, but at least it was a theory worth working on. And because he hated the idea of failure, he began casting his eyes further about him.

"I wonder where he went from here?" thought Charley. "He either walked, or was carried, or rolled, or crawled—— If I had a hound I'd get him in a hurry," he said to himself.

However, all things considered, in the absence of the hound, Charley did pretty well. In a very short time he was following a shadowy trail; shadowy, and likely to escape altogether a casual glance, but once found, sharply enough defined to follow with ease; a shadowy trail of beaten-down grass that extended at right angles away from the railroad. It looked as tho some heavy object had been dragged over it. Again Charley lamented the absence of a hound. Again he did his best without him. In increasing excitement he followed the trail across a wide expanse of grassy meadow, across a little used lane, and into the door-yard of a small cottage.

"He must have crawled all the way," thought Charley. "Broke a leg or something. Shouldn't wonder if they—meaning the occupants of the cottage—haven't taken him in."

"His spirits, high with anticipation, he strode up the path and knocked at the door.

"I hope some one is home," was his thought.

But there wasn't, and, after knocking three or four times to be sure, Charley himself came to that conclusion. That it had been but recently occupied he learned by peeking thru the kitchen window. The fire in the cook stove was still burning. Furthermore, in passing around the house, he found the front door wide open. When Charley saw that, he sat down up the front porch to wait.

"Reckon she's gone over to a neighbor's," he thought, easily. And he needed the rest anyway.

CHARLEY waited half an hour, then he began to yawn. Ten o'clock; away past his usual bedtime. What with the warmth of the morning, and the long walk he had taken, to say nothing of having worked all the previous night, he began feeling very drowsy; then he dropped off to sleep.

Twenty minutes Charley slept. It seemed to him he had barely closed his eyes, when he was awakened by a loud exclamation. He opened his eyes to find a roughly-dressed man, a short, rather heavy-set, and angry-faced individual, scowling down upon him. Behind him stood a frail little woman dressed in a faded wrapper, her hair in wild disorder. She seemed to have been recently crying.

"What you doing here?" the man demanded, gruffly.

Charley bounded to his feet in a hurry, his eyes instantly wide open. "I was waiting for some one and fell asleep," he explained. "I tracked a man here——"

"A detective, hey!" The rough-looking man fell back a step in astonishment.

"No," Charley hastened to explain, "I'm not. Just an amateur. Thought I'd try my hand at finding the train robber——"

"Train robber!" The man and woman exchanged glances. "I told you he looked like a crook——" he began; then, as the woman commenced to weep afresh, he turned impatiently from her. "You say he was a train robber?" he demanded.

"Sure," said Charley in astonishment. "Don't you read the papers?"

The other grunted contemptously. "Naw," he said. "We ain't got time for such frills. What'd he rob?"

Charley told him. "He robbed the safe of thirty thousand dollar's worth of diamonds," he finished.

Again the man turned to his wife. "What'd I tell you?" he demanded, sourly. I knowed something was the matter with that feller, the way he kept blabbing about them diamonds; how his partner had taken them away from him and kicked him off the car."

"Did he say that?" Charley demanded in excitement.

"He sure did," answered the man grimly. "He was kinda out of his head when we found him, and he said it a thousand times over. It must have been the truth, else it wouldn't have taken such a hold of him."

"That's funny," said Charley, half to himself. He was busily thinking.

The remark seemed to touch the rough looking man in a tender spot. "I don't see nothing so very d—n funny——" he began pugnaciously, when Charley hastened to explain.

"Queer, I meant to say. His partner, when he regained consciousness, told the police that this man had the diamonds; that is, he was all muddled up, and didn't remember anything that happened much before he found himself on the engine, but he stated quite clearly that if there were any diamonds missing, his partner had them."

"D—n queer," muttered the man thoughtfully. "Maybe he dropped them crawling over here!"

"Know where he went?" Charley asked the question with a beating heart. His chance of securing the reward seemed to hang on the answer.

The question apparently stirred all the resentment the man had in him. "If I did," he answered savagely, "I'd wring his blamed neck for him!"

THEORETICALLY Charley kissed the reward good-by. But still he felt curious. "What did he do to you?" he inquired.

"Do!" The man fairly bellowed his

rage. "Do! That little runt of misfortune crawled up on our back porch night before last sometime and fainted. We found him there in the morning, and brought him in, and washed him up, and put him to bed in a room we ain't using, and fed him, and bandaged his ankle that was sprained, and what you think he did?"

"What?"

"He lit out last night and didn't say anything about it. Just got up in the middle of the night when me and the old woman was asleep, put on the only decent suit of clothes I had and sneaked out by way of the back window. My wife didn't find it out until after I'd gone to work this morning, when she went in the room to bring him his breakfast. Then she dropped everything and came——"

The woman, who, a short time before, had passed on into the house, now created a diversion by screaming at the top of her voice. Her husband instantly jumped for the door, Charley closely following. Together they reached the doorway of the spare bedroom and squeezed thru.

Nearly beside herself with excitement, the woman stood in the center of the room. "See what I found!" she cried. Clutched in one fist was an old brown vest, while in her other hand, held out flat for inspection, lay a flat, greenish-looking little packet.

"See what I found in his vest pocket," she whispered, her voice failing her in excitement.

CHAPTER XI.

"DID you get hold of the robber, Charley?" Streeter, the cop, stood framed in the doorway, his fat face wreathed in smiles. "'Cause if you did," he added, "I think you might set up the cigars."

Methodically Charley finished the bit of work he was doing. Then he looked up. "Quit your kidding, Bill," he advised his friend, pleasantly. "Come in and be seated. I didn't get the man, but I came a sight nearer to it than any of the force did. I found out where he's been hiding, and——"

"You did!" Streeter, round-eyed with astonishment, took advantage of the invitation and came into the room. "If you'd only taken me along," he said, whimsically, "we'd have nailed him for sure. "I'm the best cop on the——"

"The laziest, you mean," supplemented Charley, laughing. "If I remember rightly, you refused my invitation to do that very thing."

Streeter seemed to consider. "Maybe so," he conceded cheerfully. "Maybe so. But tell us about it, anyway, son."

"Do you know anything about dogs, Bill?"

"Dogs! Sure. Raised with 'em. Part

"See What I Found!"

dog myself. Why, once I had an old houn' pup——"

But Charley cared nothing just then for the exploits of the "houn' pup." Telling Streeter to save the tale, he rapidly recounted the events of the morning.

"What I want to know," he finished, "is this: Why couldn't I take a hound to that cottage, let him whiff those clothes the fellow left behind, and track him to his present hiding place?"

Streeter scratched his head. "Why didn't you do that this afternoon?" he

(Continued on Page 18.)

SPITE

By Maria Crawford

IT HAPPENED at a large benefit dance to which Julia Lorimer had been escorted by her best friend's husband, the friend detained at home by the arrival of a son and heir three days previously. Don Marshall had suddenly besieged her for a dance, acting so wildly that she naturally wondered how 2.75 per cent beer could have affected him to such an alarming extent. Later, of course, she found out that the pearl of all pearls had refused to share his name and fortune.

"Julia," he said when they had danced around the big ballroom once and he had then adroitly guided her aside to one of those little nooks built and intended for the realization of love's young dream, "you're an awfully fine girl. I—I wonder if you would consider marrying me, soon, very soon! I could do a great deal to make life pleasant for you. I have money. You know that. I could give you a handsome home, limousines, jewels, clothes, everything that makes a girl happy. Will you—will you think about it and answer me tonight?" His eyes were feverishly bright. His hand shook a little on her bare arm.

Julia was 28 years old and life had never spanned her limited horizon with the promise of rainbowed tints before. Poverty and past experience had taught her that she must not expect too much. If she had had romance, probably she would have nothing else. Don was offering her peace and plenty and the solace of escaping the penalty of hearing herself called an old maid. She sighed a little as these thoughts went winging thru her alert mind. As Don Marshall's wife she would have position and unlimited power. No other man had ever asked her to marry him, and at 28 an unengaged girl begins to grow anxious.

She leaned forward and her eyes were smiling very tenderly at the excited man before her. "I am not misunderstanding you, Don. I will take you and give—myself—on the same terms which your proposal implies. There is only one stipulation which I will insist upon. We will not try to fool ourselves, of course, but we must attempt, together, to fool the public. Alone, we will be merely friendly, but before people we must appear to be really in love. Do you agree?"

He looked at her oddly, a slow flush rising from his throat to his brow. He lifted one of her long, slender hands in his and carried it to his lips. "I agree," he said. "It will be a little game—between ourselves. I am going to try, with all my heart, to make you happy."

They had risen, and Julia, looking up at him, put her other hand on their clasped hands. "And I will try to make you happy, too," she told him. "I shall be very grateful for a home of my own and—some things that money miraculously gives to mortals."

"I hoped that you would accept me," said Don, reaching in his pocket in the approved manner of newly engaged men on the moving picture screen. "If the ring doesn't fit, I'll have it cut tomorrow." He slipped a magnificent solitaire set in platinum on the third finger of her left hand. It fitted her perfectly, altho it had, as Julia well knew, been bought for another girl.

FIVE minutes later the whole ballroom buzzed with the amazing news of the engagement. From a modest violet of a wallflower Julia mystically became the toast of the party, which of course was to be expected, since Don was the wealthiest young man in the town, and money spoke louder than Niagara roars. Men vied with each other for her favor. To the girl for whom Don had purchased the gleaming stone Julia lifted honest blue eyes beseechingly. "I know—everything," she told her. "Don's playing fair—with me. I wish that I could make him as happy as you would have done. As it is, I'll do my best." Which frank statement sealed the other girl's lips about Julia, as Julia had hoped that it would.

Julia's sudden popularity did not abate with the passing of that memorable evening. A very rich aunt, who had hitherto scarcely known that Julia existed except at Christmas time, when she dutifully sent the girl a box of handkerchiefs or gloves, was so pleased over her niece's worldly prospects that she invited her to the city to visit her, and when Julia came home she looked like a Paris edition of an American girl. She was chick and smart to the last degree and she had not been home for more than six hours when telegrams, special delivery letters, roses, candy and the usual offerings at love's shrine began to pour into the little brown cottage that had never before been known to smell of incense to Cupid. Julia became an acknowledged belle.

There was a new, mysterious charm about the girl. Don himself came under the spell of it. No longer did he regard his fiancee with complacency. There had been added the lure of speculative wonder. It was evident that he began to question himself with sundry doubts and misgivings whether or not Julia would really marry him, a little town fellow, even if he did possess a good sized fortune, when she had prosperous looking lovers rushing out from the city to see her every two or three days. He began to call for her to go motoring with him every afternoon. Calling on her in the evenings did not give him sufficient opportunity to find out just how she spent the time. And Julia herself changed like a sun-loving plant that has been kept in the shade for a long period. She put forth new charms and blossomed like a hothouse rose.

SHE was motoring with Don one afternoon, far out on a white strip of road that led thru green fields, past little homes that nestled lovingly in the valley and led on and on, apparently to the very land of heart's desire. Don stopped the purring engine and turned to face Julia, beautiful in her modishly veiled blue hat and big blue coat with its collar of becoming moleskin.

"Julia," he began tensely, imprisoning her little gloved hands, "I am mad about you. I never wanted anything before in all my life half as much as I want you. You're putting me off from week to week, from month to month. Why won't you marry me now? I love you so," he whispered, drawing her into his arms and pressing his hot cheek against her cool, soft face. "I love you, Julia. I want you for my wife."

Tears sprang suddenly into Julia's blue eyes. She swallowed a rising lump in her throat. Then she looked ahead at the shadow-flecked road that stretched over the hills and far away—to the land of heart's desire.

"I'm all ready," she said quietly. "I will marry you whenever you want me." Then she told Don something that amazed and gripped him and set his head in a whirl. "I've been in love with you since I was 18, Don. I have sat and felt that my heart was being squeezed dry when you made love to other girls, but since that night when you proposed to me I've felt differently. It is right to tell you, isn't it? I've found out that two people cannot love each other just the same. There is one of them who always loves more than the other. You didn't love me until somebody else showed you that I was desirable."

"You wonder girl," he cried, kissing her adoringly. "It's more than I deserve to have you want me as much as I want you."

It meant nothing to him when she added, with just the ghost of a little sigh. "There is always one who loves—more than the other."

ELECTION ARGUMENTS SETTLED

Campaign Guide for Men and Women Just Issued for Free Distribution.

Washington, Oct. 1.—One of the most useful documents ever issued in the Nation's Capital has just made its appearance. This valuable pamphlet gives facts about the candidates, party platforms, results of previous elections, history of parties, together with facts and figures which every voter needs to settle campaign arguments and describes in simple, understandable language our complicated electoral system.

This booklet is being distributed free to Pathfinder subscribers, but readers of the Chicago Ledger may secure a copy of it and 8 weeks trial subscription to the Pathfinder—that splendid illustrated national magazine—by sending 10 cents to the editor of Pathfinder, 41 Langdon Station, Washington, D. C. No matter how well supplied you are otherwise, the Pathfinder will give you a better understanding of National affairs, and you will welcome this chance to get acquainted with this grand weekly magazine, which already has over a million readers. The 10 cents does not repay the editor, but he is glad to invest in new friends.—Advt.

Pa Speaks Sarcastically.

"HENRY," said Mrs. Gadder, "all our friends have automobiles."

"Well?"

"We must buy an airplane."

"Who's going to fly it?"

"Couldn't you hire one of those American 'aces' I've heard so much about?"

"Of course. He probably wouldn't ask more than $15,000 a year for his services. As my salary is $12,000 a year, I'd merely have to borrow $3,000 annually and the problem would be solved."

They Both Expired.

"DO YOU want the court to understand," he said, "that you refuse to renew your dog license?"

"Yessah, but——"

"We want no 'but.' You must renew the license or be fined. You know that it expired on January first, don't you?"

"Yessah; so did de dog, sah."

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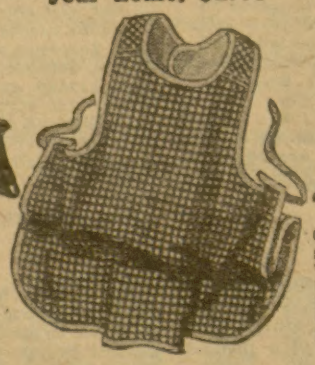

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The Dark Mirror

By Louis Joseph Vance

The Story of the Story

LEONORA was a girl of the underworld. Some of her associates were Harry the Nut, Leo Bielinsky or Leo the Blood, Inez, English Addie, Charlie the Coke, and her lover,

RED CARNEHAN, the gunman. That is to say—Red loved Leonora, but Leonora had promised

MARIO, a well-educated and well-to-do Spaniard studying down in the Bohemian section of the city, that she would marry him and run away from the gang and Red. For, indeed, it was Mario that she loved.

Then came the night of the pistol battle when Ennis and Corbin, two plainclothesmen pursuing Leo the Blood into the gang's headquarters, were killed by Red's automatic, adding two murders to that just perpetrated by Leo. And amid the excitement, Red got Leonora down the fire escape into the darkness where she lost consciousness.

But all this the dream! All this the fantasy! All this but one of the wild nightmarish imaginings which for life had entered the dreams of, and had troubled and frightened

PRISCILLA MAINE, wealthy and single girl, living in Fifth avenue, New York, with her aunt,

MRS. TROWBRIDGE. This was why she at last took her problem to

DR. PHILLIP FOSDICK, who had known her almost from babyhood. Fosdick was a specialist in psychical and mental diseases, and derangements of the nervous system. He heard her thru. He wrote every detail of her last night's dream down on paper. Then, with grave face, he showed her a newspaper in which every occurrence of her dream was found to have taken place in a pistol battle in the underworld the night before.

Fosdick, however, resolved to uncover this mystery—the mystery of a girl who in her dreams was some one else, mingling with underworld characters who actually existed. The reason, of course, was that he loved her. Searching back in her life, he found nothing illuminating. Her father,

HENRY HOBART MAINE, had been an artist. Her mother had died—at least no one knew anything of her. Then Fosdick uncovered a something. He found that a picture Priscilla had painted of herself in her studio, dressed in gypsy costume, was hypnotizing the girl. Then came to her another horrible dream. She found herself, as Leonora, living in a cheap room. Came Charlie the Coke to tell her to go to where Red was hiding without delay. She awoke from it, terrified, and she knew she must somehow follow out the adventures of this kindred soul, Leonora, which had been cut short by her awakening.

She went to bed, first gazing long at a brightly lighted clock face on her bureau, and suddenly sank into sleep. Again she was Leonora, treading thru the city streets in a terrible rain. When she reached the opium den where she was to meet Charlie, she found Charlie stupefied with the drug, and Inez there to take her to Red's hiding place. Across the city they went; thence across the roof of a tenement house, and, knocking on a door to which Inez pointed, Leonora found herself facing Mario, her lover. Priscilla's dream, however, was suddenly broken by the ringing of the phone. Fosdick was on the wire. He had found the real Leonora, he told her, following the girl to an underworld tenement. As Priscilla hung up the receiver close to her bed, she dropped back to the dream again. Once more she was in Mario's rooms. But as Mario left her there alone, the door opened and in came Red. "Where's that d—n Wop?" he shrilled. "I'll kill him now!"

This story began in No. 37 the Ledger for Sept. 11. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

They Had Fairly to Fight Their Way Thru the Crowd of Panic-stricken Tenants Swarming Out of Their Cells.

CHAPTER XXV.

CARNEHAN.

SHE tried to speak, but a dry mouth and a constricted throat refused their office. She could only shake her head, in dumb fright, with piteous eyes.

With a grunt of impatience the gangster released her, flung her across the room in two cat-like bounds, stopping to pier in thru the doors to bedchamber and bathroom and satisfy himself that Mario was skulking in neither.

He came back at a slow prowl, with staring menace in his eyes and a mirthless grin. "Where is he?" He seized her arm in a grasp intentionally savage. "Whyn't you answer me?"

Pain unsealed pale lips on which her whisper rustled: "I dont' know——"

"That's a lie!"

Her wrist suffered a more violent wrench. She cried out in protest: "Please, Red! I dont' know—hones' I don't know where he's gone. He went out just a minute ago——"

"What for?"

"He—he said he'd get me some dry things to put on. Mine's all soaked."

"Well"—a grimace made the man's face terrible—"then he'll be back before long. I'll wait—thanks!"

"For God's sake, Red——"

"Aw, shut your trap!" He cast her arm free violently and stood back. "So you thought you could gyp Red Carnehan and get away with it! You little fool!"

She attempted no reply. The first spasm of consternation passing, the faculty of concentrated thought returned, To this what is termed the courage of despair contributed measureably. As far as she herself was concerned, Leonora despaired. But she was not solely concerned with self.

She entertained not the faintest hope of escaping her fate at the hands of Red Carnehan. Whether she lived or died, she conceived, didn't matter. But it was otherwise with Mario. Him she must save somehow, by some heroic exercise of wit and spirit . . .

Yet in the beginning she cast about in vain for ruse or wile that might serve. Alone, defenseless, in the company of a man armed and determined, murder in heart and mind; a man insane with jealousy and hatred, alike bred of sheer fear, the fear of the assassin living moment by moment in the shadow of arrest; what could she do against such odds?

She could think of nothing, positively nothing. And yet, she knew, there must be some way out. If only she could find it . . .

She knew herself to be clever, far cleverer than Red—as she had once boasted to his face. Her wits had yet to fail her, however extreme or exigent the occasion. Give her time to think and she could circumvent him. But now that one essential element, time, was lacking. Impossible to guess how soon Mario might return. And then there was Red's impatience to be reckoned with . . .

Her look of a trapped animal faded; in its stead her face reflected concentration of thought amounting almost to abstraction. She seemed to consider Carnehan out of a fathomless composure, as she might one factor in an engrossing problem in whose solution she was vitally interested.

This change in her annoyed the man intolerably. Not only was any semblance of indifference offensive, but he had learned to distrust the girl's moments of thoughtfulness. If his intelligence was not of a high order, he had at least cunning, with acumen enough to feel and fear the finer mettle of her mentality. Instinctively he sought an outlet for his exasperation in a break of lurid blasphemy.

"Whyn't you say somethin'?" he concluded, gesticulating wildly with the pistol. "What you standin' there for, dumb's a cat. Whyn't you try to come clean by lyin'?"

She responded quietly: "What's the use? Even if I told you the truth it wouldn't do any good. You've made up your mind——"

"You said it. I'm wise, and I've got you where I want you. If you think you can put anything over on me now—well, try it. That's all; try it. I wish you would."

She shrugged wearily, then inquired in tone of moderate curiosity: "Where's Inez waiting for you?"

"How d'you know——" He was obviously posed. "What's Inez go to do——"

"You know well enough it was her told you I was here."

"Well . . . what if she did?"

"Nothing—only she brought me here first."

"Like hell——"

"Yes"—the girl ignored the interruption—"I didn't even know where he lived, no more'n I knew where to look for you. So Inez framed me, just to put me in bad with you."

"Ah, tell't to Sweeny."

"Ask Charlie, if you don't believe me—ask him after he comes to at Sing Ho's tomorrow. He'll tell you he promised to meet me there tonight and bring me to you. But when I got there, Charlie was dead to the world. Inez said he must've had six pals at least; she'd cooked three for him herself. Then she said she'd show me the way to where you and Leo was laying up; and when I said all right, she brought me here, left me at the door and blew. And then. . . . What could I do? I didn't know where to find you, and I was cold and wet and tired."

Her statement carried conviction. Against his wish the man believed her; and because it was against his wish he was the more irritated and chose to deny his belief. His glare was ugly.

"So that's the stall, is it?"

"You ask Charlie. He'll tell you the truth—you needn't look to get it out of Inez—only he'll tell you too late."

"What do you mean, too late?"

"Too late to stop you making a d—n fool of yourself."

"How's that? How'm I goin' to make a d—n fool out of myself?"

"I don't know yet; but I hope you don't think I'm such a flat as to think you've come here tonight just for a friendly talk."

"You're dead right there!" His laugh rang with brutal scorn. "I'll say I didn't come for no friendly talk with him and you."

"Well . . . what did you come for?"

She confronted him with sullen yet fearless eyes. His own shifted. He had little stomach for plain speech. The instinct of his kind was strong in him, to kill, if he could, what he feared. But to declare his purpose openly in anticipation, to discuss it in cold blood with an intended victim, was more than he had bargained for. Inarticulately resentful of such squeamishness in himself, he looked furtively aside, licking his lips; and discovered the decanter of Madeira which Mario had left unstoppered on the table, after opening it for Leonora.

THUS reminded that he had drunk nothing for nearly an hour—whereas, ever since they had taken to hiding, he and Bielinsky had subsisted mainly on raw red whisky—Carnehan brimmed an ordinary drinking glass with the wine and drank it in one long draught, grateful for its pungent warmth, deluded by its mellow smoothness.

Now Madeira may not wisely be taken on top of rye whisky. Conscience of reinforced bravado, the man leaned against the table, his back to it, leering truculently.

"What did I come for? Oh, I dunno. What d'you think?"

"You've threatened me often enough, if you ever caught me with him again . . . ."

He nodded in a heavy humor. "You got it right, kid. No girl of mine can pass me up for any stool pigeon or dick that ever lived——"

"He isn't."

"And get away with it. You wait—you'll see!"

She shut her eyes. In spite of herself she shuddered. He laughed with gratification, and her eyes reopened of a sudden, passionately unafraid, seeking first the pistol in his hand, then his face.

"You're going to . . . kill me, Red!"

"Ill say I am."

In spite of his shamefaced smirk, he meant it in deadly earnestness. She had another shudder, but fought it down without releasing his gaze.

After a minute she said: "Very well: I'm ready, only——"

He interrupted: "You're worse'n ready; you're in a heluva hurry. His turn comes first, yours next. Get me?"

"But"—she implored his credulity with clasped hands extended—"I tell you, you're wrong about him, Red. He hasn't got anything to do with the cops—honest to God, he hasn't!"

"Maybe you think so——"

"It's the truth, Red. Kill me, if you've got to—I guess you think I've earned it—but don't go making a mistake about him——"

"I ain't." The Madeira was working powerfully. A flash of unwonted insight visited his sodden intelligence. "You wouldn't be beggin' for that pill if you wasn't stuck on him. And that's enough. Bull or no bull, he ain't goin' to live to say he stole Red Carnehan's girl!"

"You're wrong, Red—you're all wrong," she protested wildly. "And anyhow, what good'll it do you. Don't you know you're just playing Inez's game?"

"G'wan. Inez ain't nothin' to me."

"I know she isn't, and she knows it, too, and that's why. Don't you see? You turned her down for me, and she's been crazy jealous ever since. Now she gets even with us both—gets me out of the way right off the bat and sends you to the chair for it. My God, Red! you don't trust that hellcat, do you? Don't you

know she's only waiting to fix things safe for Leo before she squeals on you?"

"Ah, forget it!" That, together with more profanity, silenced her. "Le' me and Inez alone. Mebbe I did pass her up for you; but that's a long time ago, and she's forgot all about it by now. She don't think of nobody but Leo."

"If you believe that, you're as big a boob as she thinks."

"Maybe—but not as big a one as you think." Carnehan emptied the decanter into the glass and swilled it at a gulp. "Most anybody I'm strong for can fool me once, but not even you can fool me twice."

"Inez has."

"Ah, sure! You'd say so . . ."

"Yeah," Said Mr. Andrews Placidly—"In the Morgue."
"Hello!" Fosdick Sat Up With a Start. "How Did That Happen?"

But there was an accent of doubt in his jeering retort, and in the look he gave the girl as well. Far gone in befuddlement, he was unsure of himself, unsure of anything within the scope of his perceptions, and uneasy. What if Leonora were telling the truth about Inez? Inez whom he secretly despised, Leonora who was worth a score of Inez's sort . . .

"How do you mean she fooled me twice?" he demanded thickly.

"First, when she made you think I cared anything about anybody but you, Red." The girl inched nearer, playing to perfection a part upon which her life depended—her life and Mario's. "She was the one who told you about Mario—lied to you, told you I was seeing him often—a man I hardly knew, hadn't spoken to a dozen times in all my life. And you swallowed everything she had to say against me; you believed the first whisper you heard against me—instead of coming to me and finding out the truth for yourself. Why, Red, before tonight I never have seen that man anywheres but in the street, and then only to pass the time of day! But you'd take anybody's word instead of mine, you'll believe anybody except that girl that loves you!"

HER hands came lightly to rest upon his forearms. He gave them no welcome, but made no move to repulse them. The uncertainty in his eyes was giving way to another emotion, one which the girl knew too well. She moved still closer, and one hand stole slowly up to his shoulder.

"Won't you be fair to me, Red? You know you're everything to me. But what's Inez to you that you've got to let her come between us and spoil everything? We were so happy before you listened to her lies. . . . Please, Red, please!"

There was an instant's pause, vibrant with the passion of her purpose and his doubts. But that very moment of indecision told her she was winning—had already won.

Her arm moved round his neck, drawing his head down. He resisted stubbornly, but of a sudden yielded. With a low cry he crushed her to him. The hard stubble of his beard, unshaven for three days, rasped her sensitive skin. The reek of his breath was sickening as he sought the fragrance of her mouth. But she steeled herself, repressed her shudder of repulsion, let him have his way, even mustered a show of response that contented him. For if her flesh crawled, her heart sang; she had won. He had dropped his pistol; it lay unheeded on the table beside them. She nestled more closely into his embrace, breathing broken terms of endearment in answer to his half-coherent words. The movement brought her nearer the table and the pistol, almost between it and Carnehan. He did not seem to notice. She debated the next move, trying to scheme some way to free a hand without exciting his suspicions, so that she might grope behind her until her fingers found the weapon. . . .

What sound it was that startled him, whether a footfall on the stairs or a door banging on one of the lower floors, she never knew. But the man lifted his head sharply, listening, and his embrace relaxed.

He muttered: "What was that?"

"I didn't hear anything, Red. . . ."

With no more warning she thrust him vigorously from her. Altogether taken by surprise, he stumbled backwards, grasping at the air, his face a tragicomic mask of maudlin stupefaction, until the wall behind him brought him up. At the same time understanding smote him like a thunderbolt. He pulled himself together and started for her, but ducked smartly and again fell back on finding himself under the threat of his own pistol.

But the reaction was involuntary, dictated by instinct more than by conscious fear. Drink and rage had put him well beyond the influence of that emotion. He could not grasp the possibility of her carrying out that threat implicit in her attitude. He knew only that he had been tricked and must be revenged.

For a little neither spoke nor moved. The girl was motionless, tense, her eyes dark with settled purpose in a face abnormally pale with excitement. The man stood in a semi-crouching pose, swaying slightly from side to side; shoulders bowed, head thrust forward, murder glimmering in bloodshot eyes. A dull growling issued from his half-open lips. Abruptly, making nothing of the pistol, he charged headlong.

She had not dreamed he would dare . . . The pistol exploded in a wavering hand, and its shot went wide; but its fire scorched the face of the beast and added the pang of physical pain necessary to make his madness blind lust to kill.

His body crashed into hers with terrific force. Both reeled back against the table. Ponderous as it was, this last swung out of place. The lamp toppled, rolled upon its side, and went over the edge with a noise of splintering glass.

The girl, borne bodily across the table, lay kicking and struggling while Carnehan's hands closed round her slender throat. Somehow she had lost hold of the pistol. Her ineffective fingers tore at wrists of steel.

A gust of hot air rose round her head. She saw Red's face fitfully illumined by a bluish glare. The glass reservoir of the lamp had broken, and the oil, spreading upon the rug, had caught fire of the flickering wick. She redoubled her efforts, but the pressure upon her windpipe was cruel beyond description, her brain was reeling, so was all the world. Darkness was closing in upon her like a black fog . . .

Then something happened, something miraculous intervened. Too dazed to comprehend, at first conscious only of the freedom of her throat, she was caught up and carried swiftly away.

Set upon her feet, she found herself in the hall, at the head of the stairs, Mario supporting her with an arm. To his anxious inquiry, she returned a ghastly smile and a feeble shake of her head.

"What happened?" she creaked in a voice she did not know as her own.

"I returned—thank God!—in time!"

"But Red——?"

"Knocked senseless—back there——"

Thru the open doorway she caught a glimpse of a room that seemed a well of raging flames, violet, orange and green. Then Mario picked her up again and started down stairs.

On the first landing she heard him shouting the alarm of fire. She struggled, and he put her down, but held her hand and dragged her with him as they plunged down flight after flight.

Before they had accomplished half of that descent, the house was buzzing like a hive of enraged bees. On the lowermost landing they had fairly to fight their way thru the crowd of panic-stricken tenants swarming out of their cells.

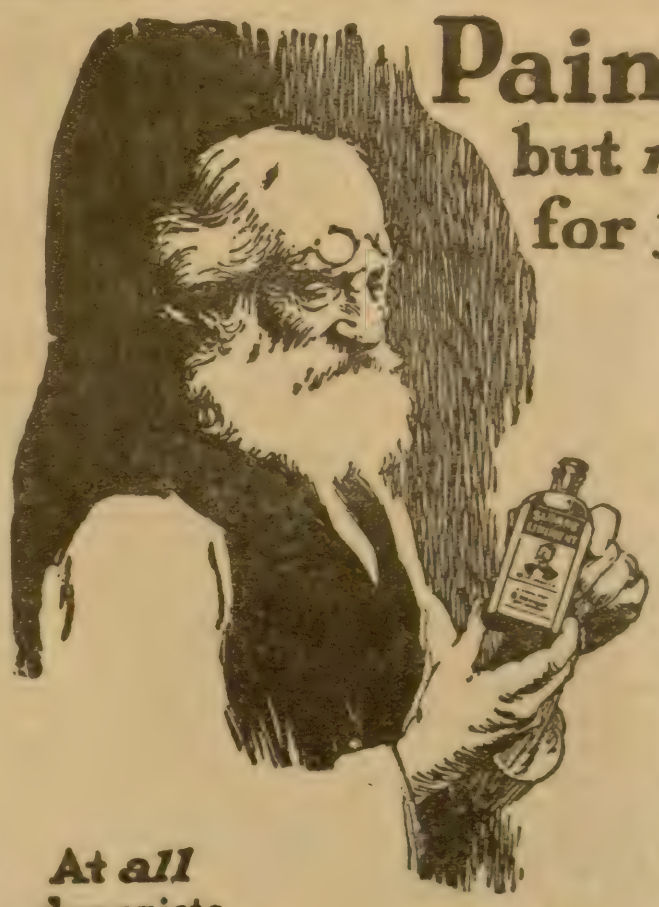
A motor cab was waiting at the curb. Mario hustled her into the vehicle, followed, and slammed the door. Evidently the driver was already instructed; he made off without delay. Leonora collapsed, sobbing weakly, upon the bosom of Mario.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT MIDNIGHT.

AND sobbing as tho her heart must break, the girl Priscilla came back to herself in the ordered and luxurious security of that quiet home on Park avenue.

But it was some time before her befuddled with were able to grasp the singular circumstances that attended this return, or this awakening—whichever it was. She had been recalled too suddenly, too harshly, from that weird realm of her life in dreams to the sane world of her waking existence. Everything seemed so unnatural that only the natural could have seemed abnormal in her understanding; and at first she found nothing strange in the fact that she, who had lost consciousness in darkness, quiet and solitude, should regain it in a confusing glare of light, see the intent, anxious countenance of Philip Fosdick bending over her, as he sat on the edge



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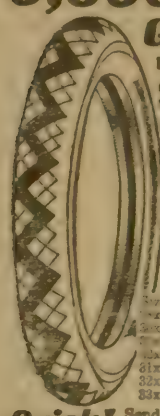

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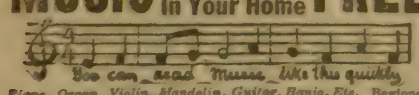

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of the bed, holding her by the shoulder, and hear the bleating of her Aunt Esther, who stood beside Philip, kneading together vague and futile hands.

But her sobs ceased when the oddness of it all at length struck home, and Priscilla sat up, shaking off Philip's hands and instinctively drawing her neglige together over her nightdress.

"Why, Philip!" she stammered. "And Aunt Esther! Is anything the matter?"

"I fancy you can tell us that," Philip suggested mildly with a sympathetic smile.

"I'm sure I don't understand in the least." This was Aunt Esther. "It seems very peculiar, I must say. Dr. Fosdick called a few minutes ago and insisted on seeing you. He said he had telephoned you some time ago, and you answered him so peculiarly, he wanted to make sure you were all right. So I brought him up——"

"I think you understand, 'Cilla," Philip interposed in a guarded manner.

"And we found you writhing and moaning in your sleep—and do what we could it seemed impossible to wake you up!"

"I see," said Priscilla; "I understand, I'm sorry to have worried you so. . . ."

She tried to smile reassuringly for Philip's sake, but the attempt was not altogether a success. Her memoirs were too vivid, too moving, the pain in her heart too new and keen. Her lips quivered, her wide, dazed eyes once more brimmed with tears.

Fosdick looked aside to Mrs. Trowbridge. "Priscilla's in a highly nervous state," he explained with the authority of the physician. "But I've been studying her for some time and have the case, I think, well in hand. If you don't mind telephoning my office that I can't get there within an hour or two, I think I can quiet her so that she'll sleep naturally for the rest of the night."

But he knew very well that the office telephone would not be answered, and that it would take Aunt Esther at least ten minutes to find that out . . .

When they were alone he turned again to Priscilla.

"You must tell me your dream, 'Cilla dear—let me help you all I can."

In the stress of her emotion, quite thoughtlessly, acting wholly upon an impulse of gratitude and affection, she rested a hand upon his shoulder and her cheek against that.

"You can't do anything," she insisted in a broken whisper; "nobody can. They've escaped, Philip—she and Mario have—they love each other and are going to be married and . . . Oh, it's so impossible, so mad, so silly of me! But I can't help it. I'm jealous, Philip—I'm wild with jealousy—jealous of a thing of dream!"

CHAPTER XXVII

THE PLAIN MAN, ANDREWS.

DAILY from 9 till noon Dr. Philip Fosdick sat in his consultation room, a grave, pleasant-spoken, quiet-mannered gentleman, dispensing interest, sympathy and wisdom without stint to all and sundry who thronged his waiting-room with careworn faces and one by one filed in to lay bare to him sick bodies, minds and souls.

Ordinarily Fosdick enjoyed these hours dedicated to general practice, something which he was determined never to relinquish altogether, who held the mind, the spirit and the flesh of man to be so interwoven that no physician could deal fairly with either element who neglected the other two or either of them.

Today, however, he found himself irked by his patients, attending with a divided mind to their complaints—the undercurrent of his thoughts constantly preoccupied with the riddle of Leonora and Priscilla Maine.

So he was relieved when the clock struck 12, and for once he enforced inflexibly his rule to see nobody after office hours but by appointment.

Alone, he tilted back in his chair, clasped hands behind his head, and focused his gaze upon remote abstraction. A look of pain lurked in the clear and steady eyes of gray, disconsolation in the set of his firm, thin-lipped mouth; the debacle of a love, for many years the ruling motive of his life, foreshadowed in his meditation.

Not for an instant had he forgotten the confession of love for Mario implicit in Priscilla's confession of jealousy of Leonora.

From the first sensitive to the girl's romantic interest in this man, Fosdick had seen in it no cause for active concern so long as Mario remained no more ponderable than a figure in a dream. But now it appeared that, like Leonora, whom Fosdick had seen in the flesh; like Bielinsky, known to and wanted by the police; like the gunman Carnehan, whose haunts Fosdick had been frequenting in search of a key to the riddle; like all these folk, Mario was a thing of flesh and blood, and so perilous to all Fosdick's hopes of happiness, and Priscilla's, too.

For Mario, in love with if not already married to Leonora, was lost to her already. However heavily it might cost her, Priscilla must resign herself to renunciation. And then. . . . Time would have to do the rest, with its magical hands of healing and obliteration. In time Priscilla would forget, and be healed, and would find herself anew. And then another's turn would come.

He had been patient now these many years, he could be patient a little longer. And while he waited he would be helping her; he who alone could help her to forget. For her dreams must cease, they must be stopped by one means or another, so that the figures of Mario and Leonora might no longer haunt and torment her. It could be done, they could be stopped, it was a question of means merely. Fosdick pondered two, alike distasteful—drugs and hypnotism. Sincerely Fosdick believed he chose the lesser evil when, taking a pad of blanks, he jotted down a formula for a sedative which he hoped might give the girl nights of dreamless sleep without harmful reaction.

The assistant who answered his summons took the prescription to be filled, and at the same time announced a Mr. Andrews, calling by appointment.

Ushered in, he sat himself in the easy chair beside Fosdick's desk, mumbling a cigar and nursing a rusty derby on his knees; a commonplace citizen incarnate at the mean of his unremarkable mediocrity, distinguished by nothing whatever more than an utter lack of distinction; the sort of man who, as we say, would pass is a crowd—unseen.

To Fosdick's pleasant query: "Well, Andrews, what luck?" he replied mildly: "Guess I got your party located all right."

"So soon?" Fosdick's manner betrayed some excitement. "Where?"

"Hotel Walpole," Mr. Andrews stated in a voice exasperatingly matter-of-fact.

"You're sure?"

"Well, she answers your description. Registered about 12 last night. Seemed all fussed up. Wore a long cloak and no hat. A dark-complected guy that come with her fixed up for her room and everythin'—paid in advance, because she didn't bring no baggage—and beat it as soon's he'd said good night."

"Under what name did she register?"

"Nora O'More." Mr. Andrews produced a slip of tracing paper from a worn leather wallet. "I took a copy off the register.'

Fosdick studied briefly the traced signature—a round, firm, but unformed hand.

"Is she at the Walpole now?"

"Nope—she flew the coop with the dark-complected guy about 10 this mornin'. He called for her with a tourin' car, a Jap chauffeur and a skirt what looked like a lady's-maid. The doorman at the Walpole says he noticed particular because he never seen a Jap chauffeur before."

"Did he remember where they told the chauffeur to drive?"

"They didn't. That seemed to be all fixed. The dark bird hands your party into the car, and the Jap has her goin' before the porter can nip his tip."

"He didn't notice the license number, I presume?"

"Nope, he didn't."

FOSDICK frowned thoughtfully for a moment. "Did you call up the marriage license bureau?"

"Uh-huh, but nobody like them parties has applied there today for permission to hitch. If they shows up later, one of the clerks is a friend of mine, he'll gimme a buzz."

"Where do people go, as a rule, when they want to marry in a hurry and without publicity?"

"Jersey City, gen'ly; sometimes Stamford, Conn."

"Wish you'd get in touch with both places."

"Sure."

Fosdick hesitated, then reminded himself of other appointments.

"I presume there's nothing more . . ."

"Nope, only—yunno that Carnehan?"

"Did you find him, too?"

"Yeah," said Mr. Andrews placidly—"in the morgue."

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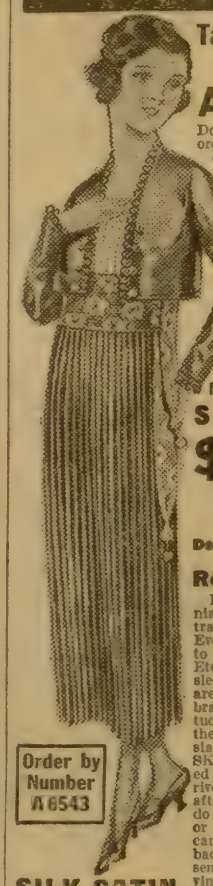

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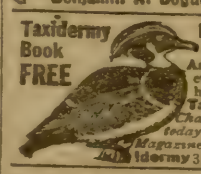

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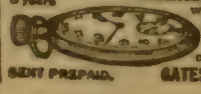

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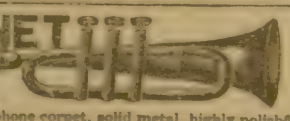

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"Hello!" Fosdick sat up with a start. "How did that happen?"

"He kicked off in a ten'ment fire last night. Maybe you seen the notice about it in this mornin's papers?"

"About the fire, yes; but——"

"Well, a guy I know down to p'leece headquarters gimme the noos. It seems Carnehan and Bielinsky—Leo the Blood, what shot up a harness bull and a coupla plain-clothes at Ristori's a while ago, yunno—anyway he got the credit for all the shootin'; but it seems somebody slipped headquarters the tip it was Carnehan bumped off the detectives, only headquarters wasn't lettin' on it knew, hopin' Carnehan'd maybe think it was all right to come up for air, and do it. . . . Well, anyway; them two is layin' up in a flat in one of them ten'ments. Bielinsky just manages to get out before the staircase caves, and is spotted and pinched when he tries to sneak thru the fire lines. He says Carnehan was slow gettin' to the stairs, account of him bein' stewed, and this mornin' they takes Leo to the morgue and shows him the stiffs they'd dug outa the ruins and he identifies one as Carnehan."

"But are the police satisfied with his identification? I understand the members of these gangs are rather loyal to one another. Bielinsky may have lied to give Carnehan another chance."

"Oh, I dunno. I guess headquarters must've figured it was Carnehan before they called on Leo. Only my friend says they finds this body in the ruins of the ten'ment next door, where the fire started, instead of the house where these two birds was hidin'. But that's easy explained if Carnehan tried to get away acrost the roofs. Yunno them old-law ten'ments; fire-traps, that's all. Once a blaze gets goin' in one of them, they go like a stack of packin' boxes. And that gale last night helped a lot . . ."

CHAPTER XXVIII.
RESIGNATION.

WHEN he called, late in the afternoon, thru some blessed accident Fosdick found Priscilla alone, a graceful, pensive shape of charm beside the tea table in the very English drawing-room which the doggedly Anglicized taste of Mrs. Trowbridge had created in an otherwise uncompromisingly American residence.

And she had a brave smile of welcome for him, altho he fancied it a trifle forced; for the effort she was making to keep a stiff upper lip seemed only too apparent to his solicitous regard.

"Philip, I do believe you're never on time!"

"Seldom, if ever," he asserted solemnly. "One must sport a professional mannerism or two, you know, to hold the confidence of one's clientele, if one simply won't wear a beard or tote a shabby black bag."

"I almost think," she said, "I'd prefer the beard, plus punctuality, this afternoon at least. Next to sitting thru a musical comedy, I don't know anything more enervating than waiting for the doctor's call."

"I'm sorry, 'Cilla," he protested contritely. "I really was more keen to get here than you could possibly have been to see me."

"Don't be too sure." Philip found something almost pathetic in this fugitive flash of her rare coquetry. "I was lonely, waiting, with no company but my thoughts."

"But not unhappy?"

"No-o," she admitted dubiously, giving him tea, "nor happy, either; rather, I should say, resigned."

His narrowed eyes questioned eloquently. She responded with another sad little smile: "You see, Philip, they—they're married."

"How do you know?" His eyes were wide enough now.

She shook her head. "I can't tell you, but I do. It was just before noon. I was in my room, alone, wondering—trying to think things out some way. And suddenly—there's no explaining—I knew it had happened. It was nothing like a dream; I haven't the remotest idea how or where they were married, I only know they were."

He studied her closely, detecting no trace of hysteria in her manner. She was rather more pale than usual, but at the same time more composed than in several days. There were melancholy shadows beneath her eyes, but the eyes themselves were calm, clear and direct.

"Tell me as nearly as you can . . ."

She overcame a reluctance: "I slept well enough, after you left last night, heavily but without dreams that I remember; but I woke up with a sense of strain, a tension of nerves, as if subconsciously waiting for something to happen. It got worse as the morning wore on, tho I fought it as hard as I knew how, and I had a feeling of suppressed excitement, too. And then, as I say, about noon, the tension snapped. Without the least warning it was gone, there was nothing left, just emptiness, you know, desolation. And after a little time of that, peace of a sort; the feeling one has when something terribly important that's been a long time hanging fire is at last settled, even if it's settled disappointingly. So I knew"—the least suspicion of a tremor crept into her voice—"it was over and done with, they were married, the thing was finished."

"Weren't you glad?"

"In a way, yes. I had a sense of happiness, but it wasn't mine, it didn't rise in me, it was her happiness I was sharing. Then even that left me, nothing remained, only the forlornest loneliness, Philip . . . as if I'd lost something I could never regain. I presume I have. Somehow I've got a notion I shall never see Leonora again, even in my dreams. Do you think it's possible I'll never dream again—that way?"

"I hope so, 'Cilla, with all my heart!"

She sat very still for a time, gazing, downcast, to the hands that held her tea-cup.

"I suppose I hope so, too," she said faintly.

CHAPTER XXIX.
MOTHER O'MORE.

"I'VE got news," Fosdick offered. Priscilla looked up sharply, under knitting brows. "Tho, I imagine from what you've told me, it will seem less news than confirmation—in a way." He was quick to satisfy her movement of impatience: "There's every reason to believe Leonora spent last night, after the fire, at the Walpole, and Mario called for her there this morning, about 10 o'clock, with a motor car. He had a Japanese chauffeur and another woman with him, presumably a maid. Apparently the man has means of his own."

"He has, I think. But how do you know all this?"

"I had a man, a private detective, make the rounds of the hotels, first thing this morning—on the off-chance that Mario had acted on his suggestion, if you remembered it correctly, of putting Leonora up for the night at the best and quietest place in town."

"You employed a detective, Philip? After your promise——"

"Hold on, 'Cilia! I promised I wouldn't go near police headquarters or let the truth leak out about what happened at Ristori's. And I was better than my word. In the beginning I sleuthed for you all on my own—spent the better part of three days snooping around the lower East Side in a slop-shop suit, unshaven, my nails in mourning, till I got what I was after, established indisputably the fact that your dreams were true telaesthetic visions—clairvoyant—whatever you care to call them—anything but hallucinations of a disordered mind. More than that, I proved that Leonora was as real a creature as you are, not a sort of secondary personality you'd been projecting more or less involuntarily into phases of life outside your comprehension and experience."

"I know, Philip." She leaned forward to touch his hand in gratitude. "Don't think me unappreciative. If you only knew what it means to have my heart lightened of that fear——"

"Then I don't think you ought to complain if I turn over routine investigation work to a private detective, a man of absolute discretion who is not in the police department, who hasn't even heard your name, who thinks I'm interested in this Leonora for reasons purely personal to myself."

"I don't complain, Philip. I was surprised, and at first didn't understand. You see—I presume I'm too much Leonora or she's too much me—but I can't somehow help sharing her feelings. She was wretchedly afraid the police might send Red to the electric chair on information they'd got thru her——"

"They'll never do that now," Philip interrupted. "Carnehan is dead." The girl uttered a little cry, something between pity and thanksgiving, and sank back, staring. "Yes. His body was found in the ruins of the tenement house this morning. Bielinsky, who was arrested fleeing the flames, identified the remains. . . . So that fear passes, 'Cilia."

She rested her head wearily against the back of the chair and shut her eyes. "So that fear passes," she repeated in a whisper. A little shiver ran over her body. "I can't think it's wrong of me to be glad . . ."

"It isn't. It's only human."

"But a death so frightful——"

"Don't think about that, think how good it is that you—that Leonora need no longer fear death at every turning."

"Do you suppose she knows?"

"It's in all the evening papers. She must learn of it sooner or later, wherever she is."

"Then—then your man didn't find out where they went from the Walpole?"

"No. But the presumption is, they went either to Jersey or Connecticut to get married, as people do when they want to avoid publicity. I fancy they'd do that, to leave no clew for Carnehan—not yet knowing there was no more necessity."

"Then nothing stands between her and her happiness. . . ." Almost imperceptibly the muscles around mouth and eyes tightened in pain. So did her hands tighten convulsively on the arms of the chair. Then with a start the girl sat up, smiling a smile of uncertain apology, shaking her head vigorously as if to rid it of a tormenting swarm of thoughts. "There can't be any mistake, I suppose . . . You're sure it was Leonora who stopped at the Walpole?"

"Not sure, but satisfied. She answered the description, and tho she registered

(Continued on Page 22.)

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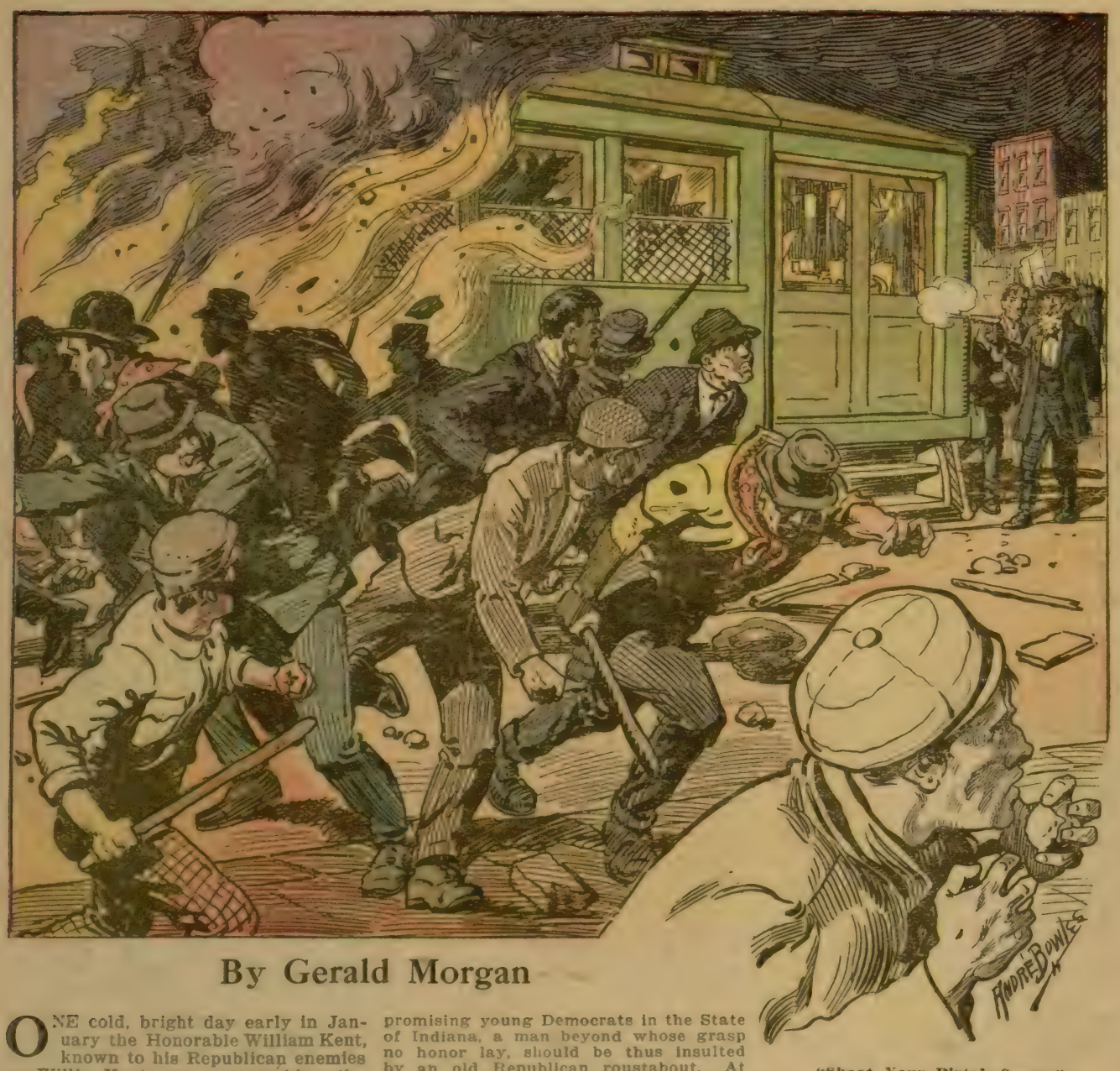

By Gerald Morgan

ONE cold, bright day early in January the Honorable William Kent, known to his Republican enemies as Willie Kent, was approaching the steps of the State Capitol in Indianapolis. He was feeling as well as he had ever felt in his life. This was partly due to the brisk walk which he had taken from his boarding house, a long, round-about walk, for the city happened then to be in the throes of a street car strike.

But the real reason why the Honorable William Kent was feeling so well was because he had such pleasant thoughts about himself. Supervisor of his town at 25, district attorney at 34, speaker of the Indiana Assembly, no honor—Governor, Senator, President—seemed beyond his grasp. For from every stump in the State he had exhorted the voters in the name of the great Democratic party to turn the rascals out. The voters had stood behind him. And now, as he approached the Assembly chamber, he surveyed the State House with the eye of a confident and successful commander.

But as he crossed the ante-room, his eye was caught, and most unfavorably caught, by the sight of a disreputable looking old man, who was sitting on a half-broken chair, tilted against the wall. Occasionally he rattled the back of the chair or scrabbled his feet upon the floor. He had on what once had been a fashionable Prince Albert coat, torn and shining with the collected grease of years; a soft black stateman's hat, with a hole in it; and the bottoms of his trousers were tucked into his cowhide boots. Long, stained, whitish whiskers descended untidily at various angles from his chin, and from time to time he spat tobacco juice in the general direction of a convenient spittoon.

The Hon. William Kent paused to look at this old specimen of Republican degradation and inefficiency. The old specimen also directed his wandering glance at the Hon. William Kent. At this point there occurred a misunderstanding. The old man drew a black bottle from his pants' pocket and said, "Here, sonny, have a bit of this. It'll cheer you up."

It was fortunate for the old man that the full enormity of his conduct did not dawn on William Kent until he had passed thru the ante-room and reached the Assembly chamber. It was simply intolerable that he, one of the most promising young Democrats in the State of Indiana, a man beyond whose grasp no honor lay, should be thus insulted by an old Republican roustabout. At this moment he saw the Democratic floor leader, George Gray, and went straight to the point.

"Who's that man in the ante-room, George?" he asked.

"Why, that's old Sam Robinson, the doorman," replied Mr. Gray. "What's he been doing to you?" he added, noticing Kent's face was brick-red.

"He's drunk and disorderly and most impertinent," said Kent. Can we fire him? How much does he get?"

"He gets seventy-five a month," answered Gray.

"Seventy-five a month!" exclaimed Kent. "Why, I know lots of good Democrats who'd be glad of the job for thirty. Can we fire him?"

"Well, we could fire him," replied Gray, warily.

HE WAS one of those old-timers who recalled the last time the Democrats had been in power, seventeen years before, and the mistakes they had made then. He believed in going slow. "Sam Robinson's been doorkeeper longer than anybody can remember," he added. "He's a G. A. R. man with a fine war record, you know, Bill."

"No, I don't know!" exclaimed Kent, angrily. "And what's more, I don't care. I do know that every Republican G. A. R. man in office claims to have won the battle of Gettysburg single-handed. That old rip has got to go! That's what we're here for, George—to turn the rascals out."

"Well, Bill, if you must have Sam's hide, all right," assented Gray, artfully, "but I think you're making a mistake. When Joe Burns beat the Republicans in '84, he started to fire Sam. But he didn't. They said then, Sam had a grand record. And in '92, Jackson Miller had him up on charges, but he let him stick."

"Well, I'll warn him this time," replied Kent, somewhat impressed, "but if he's drunk or impertinent again, out he goes."

So, after the business of the day was over, Kent, on his way thru the ante-room, paused. Sam Robinson was still reclining on his tilted kitchen chair.

"Look here, Robinson," began Kent, in his official manner, "I'm Speaker of this House. You were most impertinent to me this morning and, besides, you had been drinking. If it happens just once more, you lose your job. Understand?"

"Shoot Your Pistol, Sonny."

Sam Robinson opened his half-closed eyes and surveyed the young man with interest. He took his time in replying. "Young feller," he said, "Speakers come and go, lots and lots of 'em. I bet I've seen forty Speakers in this here State House, one time or another. But I've been here ever since the war, young feller, before you was weaned."

The Hon. William Kent had listened to these remarks with considerable impatience. "Very likely you've been here ever since the war," he replied bitterly, "and very likely you've been drunk ever since the war, too. But if I catch you drunk or misbehaving again, out you go! Do you hear that?"

Old Sam Robinson slowly considered these remarks. Kent, erect and angry, waited for an answer.

"I wouldn't know what to do," replied the old man finally, "if I lost my job here."

"That's your affair," retorted Kent, bluntly. And he walked away.

He paused for a moment on the steps of the Capitol, considering. The thought "insolent bum!" revolved in his brain and flushed his cheeks. He was also annoyed that, because of the police cordon, which was pretending to keep order in the street-car strike, he would have to walk at least three miles to his home. But it was Sam Robinson who had practically spoiled his whole day—a day which had begun with excellent prospects. Especially he disliked being called "sonny" and "young feller." Of course, he was 34, a grown man and beyond such pettiness, but as a statesman his comparative youth rankled, and as he descended the steps he articulated three words to the world at large. They were, "D—d—old—bum!"

DURING the next few days all went well, for Sam Robinson had been induced to behave with exemplary civility; and all might have continued to go well, had it not been for the annual reunion in Indianapolis of the Veterans and Sons of Veterans Association, G. A. R., Camp 159, General Lewis Vail commanding. General Vail, until his retirement ten years before, had been the Republican leader in Indiana in the golden days of Republican supremacy, as well as the patron, comrade-at-arms, and friend of Sam Robinson.

"When I sees Lew Vail," Mr. Robinson was in the habit of saying, "I gets what you'd rightly call drunk." This was certainly no overstatement of fact, and on this occasion Sam Robinson had been sober for nearly a month. He fell from grace with a noise like that of the fall of a large, tough old tree, and half Indianapolis knew it before morning.

William Kent belonged to that half of Indianapolis which did not know it. He entered the ante-room of the Capitol the next morning, suspecting nothing. Sam Robinson was there in his usual tilted position, but Mr. Kent hardly noticed him. It was Mr. Robinson's habit, no matter what had happened on the previous night, to be on the job, drunk or sober, in the morning.

This morning he was drunk. His bleary and unsteady eyes rested upon the Hon. William Kent, but his memory tricked him. He saw only a young man, finicky looking, bumptious and critical. From his trousers' pocket he drew the forbidden black bottle. From his mouth proceeded forbidden words:

"Have a bite of this, bubs," he said. "It'll do you good!" And a freckle-faced page, who happened to be standing in the vicinity, permitted himself to laugh.

The Hon. William Kent simply choked with rage. "You old bum!" he fairly yelled. "Here's where you lose your job, you old rip! Just you wait! I'll get you quick enough!" Still choking, he left the ante-room. The eyes of Mr. Robinson followed him with a sort of mild astonishment.

"What's eatin' him?" he asked the page.

The Hon. William Kent walked across the Assembly chamber straight to where George Gray, the Democratic floor leader, was sitting.

"George," he said, "Robinson's drunk again. He's insupportable!—He's a public disgrace!—This time he's going sure!"

Gray looked up. "As Speaker," he said, "it's within your authority to discharge him."

"No, I won't do that," Kent answered. "We'll have a public hearing before a special committee. There's cause for this, and I mean everybody to know. You and I will act for our side, and I'll get Frank Jones—Frank has seen him drunk. For the Republicans, I'll appoint the regular leaders, Cramp and Pearson. We'll meet this afternoon at 4, in one of the committee rooms."

"All right," replied Gray, "if you say so."

So, that afternoon, after the regular session of the Legislature had been adjourned, the five designated members of the special committee filed gloomily into the committee room. Not one of them was exactly pleased with the job. The two Democrats and the two Republicans sat together, three chairs intervening. Kent stood behind the chairman's table.

"I call this committee to order," he said, "to inform them of the behavior of the doorkeeper of this House. If, after my own testimony and that of Mr. Jones, any one can show cause why the doorkeeper should not be removed, I shall be glad to hear him." He told the story of the bottle briefly. Jones followed, adding three or four other instances of gross misbehavior.

"I SHALL be glad to hear from you, Mr. Cramp," Kent said, "before we vote."

"I haven't anything to say, myself," Cramp answered, "but this is a public hearing, isn't it?"

"Certainly," replied Kent.

"Then I've a witness here who wants to speak for Robinson," said Cramp. He got up, went to the door, and opened it. There was a tap-tap-tapping down the corridor. "Come in, General," he said.

A majority of the committee had never seen Gen. Lewis Vail before. Kent, in particular, glanced with curiosity toward the man whom, in times past, they used to call the Grey Hawk of Indiana. He stumped in on his wooden leg. He looked thin, and bent and infirm.

"Take a seat," said Kent, politely.

"Thank you, I'll stand," replied the general. One hand upon the chairman's table supported him. "Mr. Speaker," he began slowly, "I'm out of politics. I've just come to say a few words for an old friend." Their eyes met, and Kent at once realized the power of this man who, for thirty years, had ruled the State of Indiana with absolute authority and had abdicated that authority solely at his own good pleasure. Infirm, he no longer seemed. His hand, as he grasped the table, was like an eagle's talon. His eyes, sunk behind gray brows, were blue and clear. His clothes bagged upon his sinewy body like feathers on an old bird. He seemed perched—perched, and ready still to swoop.

"Young men," he began quietly, "Sam Robinson and I fought thru the war together."

"The war's over," interrupted one of the Democrats, suddenly.

"Over before you were born," continued the General, quietly. "I know that. Peace hath her victories, I know. But,

gentlemen, we served the Nation in our time, and no man in the Union Army served her with greater faith than Sam Robinson. You say he gets drunk, that you can call other witnesses. I do not need your witnesses. Of course, he gets drunk. He's been going it since '61. But drunk or sober, gentlemen, Sam Robinson was a great big fighting machine."

"I suppose General Grant couldn't have gotten along without him," interrupted Kent. "You know we Democrats have heard this sort of thing before, General," he added, less rudely.

"Yes, Sam was with Grant," General Vail continued, undisturbed. "I'll tell you about it. He and I enlisted together. We were 20 then. Colburn was captain of our company. They shot Tom Colburn in the year '62 in a skirmish. He was lying out in a field with trees all round it and the enemy still shooting. There was a bullet thru his lungs; somebody had to get him. Sam got him. He walked right out there—one bullet went thru his hat, another thru his arm—and lifted Colburn on his shoulder and carried him back. Sam was a strong man in those days. The enemy stopped shooting and cheered him. He was promoted for that, but I had to reduce him later—I was captain by that time—for"—the General paused—"for getting drunk." He looked around him, and smiled.

"Then, afterwards, he got two medals for bravery and each time he had to be taken from the guard-house to receive them." The General laughed. "Oh, yes, he hasn't changed. Just the same old Sam.

"BUT perhaps you haven't heard what he did at Ball's Bluff—time flies—most people used to know that. There was a place called Coulter's Hill, entrenched, of course. It was the key to the enemy's position. Grant ordered it taken. Now, gentlemen, I understand war—I lost this leg three weeks before Lee surrendered—and I did not believe that position could be taken. Hawke's battalion tried it first. We stood by and saw them jump from their cover. It was only about four hundred yards to the top of the hill. Hawke and two hundred more were killed before they were halfway up. When the smoke cleared away, the hillside was blue with the uniforms of dead men.

"Then Chilton's battalion charged. It broke before Hawke's had. Then they told us to try it. I was major. I saw a little rock about two-thirds up. I meant to get there, anyhow. So we started. I got to that rock and lay behind it. I looked around for my men. They had quit. Half of them had not charged at all. Then I looked out in the direction of Hawke's dead men. There was Sam Robinson sitting down in the open, eating a ham sandwich and yelling to his comrades to come on. The earth of the hillside was rising round him in little gray spurts, like a puddle of water in the rain. It was only God's miracle he wasn't killed. And then my men came on with some of Hawke's and Chilton's. Sam Robinson took Coulter's Hill with a musket in one hand and a ham sandwich in the other. And he has a medal from Grant, himself, to prove it.

"Gentlemen, as a private that man enlisted for the war, and as a private he was mustered out; but in four years he never faltered once. To be the first to reach the enemy—that was all he knew. Now do what you like with him."

For an instant no one spoke. The three Democrats were plainly impressed. Only straw was needed to turn the balance either way, and Cramp, the Republican minority leader, furnished it.

"And that's the man," he exclaimed bitterly, "whom Kent wants to fire because he called him 'bubs!'"

There was a single short laugh—half of relief. Kent looked up. Even the Democrats had not refrained, and the color rose to the very tips of his ears. "I don't care what Robinson did fifty years ago!" he exclaimed hotly. "The State's paid him long enough for that. In my capacity as Speaker, I shall discharge him. Mr. Jones, do you agree? Mr. Gray, do you?"

"It's up to you, Bill," Gray said. "The committee has no real jurisdiction, but I'm behind you."

"So am I," Jones said. "The war's over, anyhow."

Gen. Lewis Vail rose to go. At the door he paused. "All I have to say to you, William Kent," he remarked quietly, "is that may God have mercy on you when you're old. Good night."

The tap-tap-tapping of his wooden leg echoed along the corridors of the State House distantly, and more distantly, and no man spoke until the sound of it had died. Then Cramp said:

"Well, Kent, I suppose we may as well adjourn."

WILLIAM KENT was very glad to reach the open air. He stood on the steps of the Capitol and took a long deep breath. It was a clear, cold, starlit January night. The snow crunched and crackled under the feet of the passers-by. A lighted electric trolley car stood out in front of the Capitol, surrounded by a number of dark figures, one of whom detached itself, and approached the steps.

"Hello, Bill Kent, is that you?" the figure said. "It is, is it? I thought I recognized you. I'm Jim Pennock."

"Hello, Jim," replied Kent, warmly, "what are you doing so far from Versailles County?"

"Didn't you know? The Governor's called us out on strike duty. I'm captain of the company—those are the boys over there. We're going to run a car thru."

"Are you?" exclaimed Kent. "Well, I'll just come along with you, if I may."

"Sure you may," replied Pennock. "We want one or two passengers, anyhow, just for the effect. Come on!"

Kent followed the captain into the car and shook hands with the men of the company, almost all of whom he knew. It was fine and friendly and homelike, and it made Kent forget his troubles. Just as the car started, he heard a voice which he had heard before.

"Going thru?" it asked. "Kin I come along?"

"Come along, old feller," replied one of the militia. "Jump!"

And into the car walked Sam Robinson, inevitable as fate. At once he recognized William Kent. "Hello, sonny," he remarked intimately. "It's a shame to order these boys out of their nice warm armories, ain't it?"

Kent turned toward Captain Pennock, who was sitting beside him. "Let's go out on the front platform, Jim," he said.

They walked out and stood, one on each side of the motorman. "This fellow don't understand English," Pennock said, "except 'scab' I suppose. He's a Russian, or something—same as the strikers. We haven't had any trouble at all—this is our fourth trip. By the way, who's that old man who spoke to you just now, Bill?"

"Oh, that's an old bum I've had some trouble with," Kent answered.

"Struck me he was pretty fresh," resumed Pennock, "with that crack about armories."

"He's fresh all right," Kent said.

"Well, I've a half mind to put him off," concluded Captain Pennock, "if he weren't so old, I would. This is a bad section of the town, too. Not enough lights——"

Kent reached down to strike a match. He heard the whir of something passing close by his ear. There was a soft, crunching noise. He turned, saw the motorman open his mouth, push out one hand, and collapse quietly on the platform floor. The car stopped. There was a yell, and the sound of breaking glass. A brick smashed on the handle of the motor. A soda bottle struck the rim of the car roof, dicocheted, and hit Pennock between the shoulder blades. Kent saw him dive over the opposite step off the car, and tried to follow. Inside, he caught a glimpse of a jam of men at the other door, crowding each other over the back platform. Suddenly something hard and heavy crashed against the back of his head. He saw stars, subsided weakly over the farther step, staggered, and sank down alongside the car, but in its shelter.

His loss of consciousness was only a matter of a second; he came to his senses with an awful ache at the back of his head, but no loss of memory. Beside him he heard a voice:

"You keep away from me, you d—n Eye-talian Polacks!" it exclaimed shrilly.

Kent opened his eyes. Sam Robinson was standing up beside him, Pennock's revolver leveled and cocked. In front, just at the corner of the car platform, a man lay sprawled out, still bleeding. At the other side of the car the shuffling of many feet and the guttural sounds of Slavic speech indicated the presence of the strikers.

"What happened?" whispered Kent.

"Strikers rushed us," replied Sam Robinson, curtly. "Say, sonny, if you ain't much hurt, just grab that pistol lying beside you—the militia left most everything when they went away just now; I never saw anybody run faster than your friend the captain—and watch the back of the car. These mutts of Polacks ain't yet realized that a street car has got two ends. But they might."

Kent reached for the pistol, picked it up, and turned to the rear. Far down the street he saw a clump of men. The

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militia, unpursued, had stopped and rallied.

"I think the soldiers are coming back, Mr. Robinson," he said meekly.

"Tell 'em to hurry then," Sam replied. "Charge!" he yelled, his old thin voice rising like the whistle of a tugboat and echoing down the street. "Listen to that!" he added, in disgust.

From the other side of the car came the sound of the smashing of wood the scratching of matches, and finally, a smell of smoke.

"Here I am," resumed Sam Robinson, calmly, "trying to protect the property of the street car company, which I ain't paid to do. Them Polacks ain't never satisfied except when they're burning something. Hey, sonny, are the boys coming?"

"They're coming, Mr. Robinson," replied Kent, "but not very fast."

He turned, and as he trotted round the back end of the car, he let out his old steam-whistle screech. The Poles, twenty or thirty of them, were crowded round the fire they had just lit underneath the car, but the advance of the militia, altho stealthy—that was exactly what it was—had not been lost on them. The yell was disturbing.

"Shoot your pistol, sonny!" old Robinson shouted, and he began to open up with his repeater, over their heads. The Poles wavered, caught a glimpse of the militia, now beginning to run, dropped their lighted sticks, and scattered into the darkness like mischievous boys.

Old Sam Robinson began to kick the fire to pieces, laughing. "There's a fine crowd, sonny," he began, "to chase away Indiana troops. They'll be back soon, now."

At that very moment the militia arrived breathless. "Are you safe?" exclaimed Captain Pennock dramatically.

"Hello, Cap," replied Sam, kicking away at the fire. "You had to go back quite some distance to find your command, didn't you?" The captain subsided. "Sure we're all right. The motorman's hurt, and I had to shoot one Polack. He's lying over there, on the other side of the car. You'd better get him. And sonny here, he's had his head cracked, but I guess he's all right." He continued to kick the fire.

"Well!" said one of the militia, "This is a grand thing you've done, old man. You'll get a medal for this, sure."

And Sam Robinson did not reply at once, but when he did, his answer was both abrupt and sincere.

"To hell with medals!" he exclaimed briefly. "Most generally you can't even hock 'em!"

ABOUT a week later, the Hon. William Kent was passing thru the ante-room, on his usual morning walk to the Assembly Chamber. Sam Robinson was tilted on his broken-backed chair.

"Good morning, Sam," said the Speaker.

"Mornin', bubs," replied Mr. Robinson.

The Hon. William Kent. stopped and grinned. "Say, Sam," he said, "I hear the Prohibitionists are going to get in next year. You'll lose your job then, sure."

"The Democratic party's bad enough," replied Mr. Robinson, impolitely, "without that riff-raff. Say, I hear you fellers are going to give me a raise to a hundred and fifty a month."

The Speaker nodded.

"That's better than medals," continued Mr. Robinson, concisely. From his pocket he drew the black bottle. "Have a swig of this, bubs," he said. "It'll do you good."

"It's pretty early, but I don't mind if I do," replied the Hon. William Kent. He put the bottle to his lips and pretended to swallow a man's size drink. "Here's good luck to you, Mr. Robinson," he said.

Waitin' Peeley's Vigil

(Continued From Page 4)

nel fairly rang with a wild, demoniac scream of rage.

In affright he turned his head toward the entrance of the cave-in. Standing over its dead mate, its body dripping and its tail lashing savagely from side to side, he saw the other mountain lion. And even as he heard a shrill cry of abject fear from the two craven men, he saw the mad creature crouch and spring. He crowded hastily into the entrance. Two shots rang out almost simultaneously. A dark body hurled past him. Two terrible cries, one human the other beastly, echoed and re-echoed along the passage; body thudded against body, and a human scream rasped to sickening silence. Then came the echo of feet flying wildly up the tunnel.

Slightly unstrung, Barry stood listening intently. He felt the girl's hand on his arm. "Wh-what's happened?" her voice faltered.

"The cat's mate got in somehow, and I think it's finished one of the men," he told her. He put down the sack of gold, groped for the pick, found it, and whispered: "Stay here. I'll find out what's happened." Then he slipped guardedly out.

Upon the tunnel floor the torch sputtered. All else was still. With pick poised for instant action he stole forward and picked up the torch. It blazed out. A sound behind him caused him to whirl swiftly. The girl was at his heels, staring with wide eyes at something upon the rocky floor near the wall. He followed her gaze and shuddered. Torn and bloody, a look of horror upon the repulsive features, the father lay lifeless. The fangs of the great cat had gone home with telling and terrible effect.

"We must get out," he cried. "The cat's trailing the other one. It may be back any moment to its mate." He caught the girl by the arm, but she held back, saying determinedly: "I won't go without the gold."

Without a word Barry led the way back into the chamber, relit the lantern and handed it to the girl after she had shouldered her sack with the gold. Then shouldering his own, he grabbed up the pick and hastened out into the main tunnel, passing swiftly by the hideous form crumpled on the floor. The girl kept close behind him with the light. As they speedily picked their way onward, Barry watched warily for signs of danger. He knew that the great cat was wounded, for a trail of blood marked its passage along the damp floor of the tunnel.

At length they paused in a large chamber. By the dim light Barry saw that the tunnel leading from it was blocked by debris, and no exit offered that he could discern. He wondered if the girl had lost the way, but she pointed silently to the left. Then he saw a ladder leading to a tunnel on a higher level. The girl told him that she had put the ladder down when she came in; that her father had always kept it ready there. At once he understood why the first great cat had been unable to get out of its prison.

BECAUSE of his load and the slippery condition of the ladder, due to the fresh blood that smeared it, Barry gained the top with difficulty. He knew then that the second cat had crawled up the ladder before him. He looked carefully about as he deposited his golden burden, but could see no signs of the animal. In the distance he caught the gleam of light and quickly comprehended that it bespoke the outside world and safety. With a thankfully beating heart he hastened down the ladder, relieved the girl of her burden and started back up with it. She followed him with the lantern. In a few minutes more they gained the outer world, safe under the moon and stars, having seen nothing of the wounded beast nor the fleeing man. Evidently the latter had got out ahead of the bleeding animal. Nothing more was ever seen of him in that vicinity from that night on. He disappeared entirely, leaving no trace.

How good the old world looked after those dark, dangerous, muddy caverns! Tho Barry, as he stood at the tunnel's entrance taking in great breaths of the fragrant mountain air and gazing with appreciative eyes at the glorious moonlit scene before him. But not for long was it permitted him to contemplate the beauties of the night.

The girl, suddenly released from the stress of excitement under which she had labored, and having time now to think clearly, became almost hysterical in her fears for the safety of her father, and reproached herself bitterly for her apparent desertion of him. All hardness, all the wild aggressiveness of her nature melted away and she became merely a forlorn and lovable woman mourning a dear one. Thru falling tears she moaned contritely:

"Oh, Papsy, Papsy, why didn't I go back to you and let old Sporgins get the gold? Oh, why did I ever listen when you told me never to let any one get it, no matter what happened to you?" She paused and gazed sorrowfully up at the silent, portentous cabin now visible on Baldy Knob in the mellow moonlight, then broke out afresh: "Oh, Papsy, Papsy, you may be dead, dead! Oh, how

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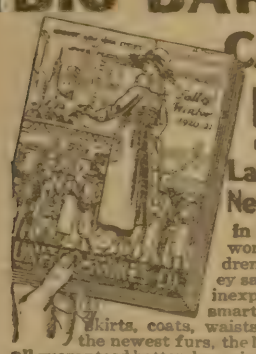

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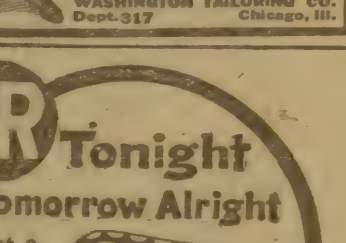

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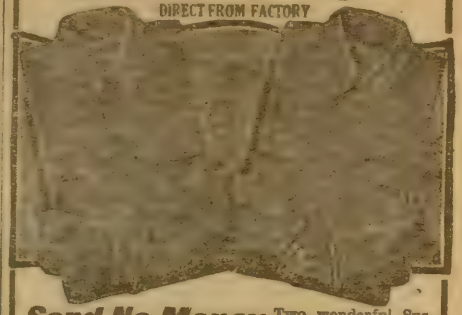

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30x3 1-2	6.60	1.75	35x4 1-2	11.00	3.15
32x3 1-2	6.75	1.85	36x4 1-2	11.50	3.40
31x4	7.00	2.00	35x5	12.50	3.50
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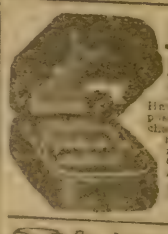

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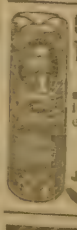

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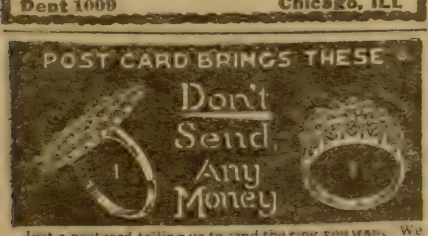

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I wish I was dead there with you! Why did——"

"Don't, dear Honey Rose, don't," interrupted Barry softly, his heart wonderfully stirred at her acute distress, the name and the term of endearment slipping from him unconsciously. "He may be all right. Don't blame yourself so. Come, let us go to him," he finished.

To his intense astonishment his words had magical effect, seemingly putting new heart into the girl. At once she ceased her lamentings and meekly followed when he started off after disposing of the pick and the lantern. Presently, as tho moved by some strange trustful impulse, she began telling Barry the story of her life, making clear the many mysteries that had sorely puzzled him. Where she failed to explain fully, his intuition easily supplied the missing details.

"Rett Sporgins never was any good," she began abruptly: "Drank and gambled and was lazy. Yet Pap trusted him and believed in him for years and helped him and his family time after time, poor as Pap was. Pap knew Sporgins' wife when she was a girl. Sporgins was awful mean to her—broke her heart. Pap paid for burying her when she died.

"Pap and Sporgins were pardners, but they never struck anything for years and years. At last they located some claims that promised well, but Sporgins soon got tired and finally got Pap to borrow some money and buy him out. Right away after that Pap struck it awful rich in one of the claims. He took out so much gold that it turned his head, I guess, after being poor so long.

"Sporgins was wild then, claimed Pap had beat him out of his share, and wanted half. Pap gave him a lot of money. He soon drank and gambled it away, then came back for more. He was running with bad men at the time. When Pap gave him only a little and said that would be the last, he went away swearing all kinds of dreadful things."

FOR a while the girl paused as tho contemplating some sad memory, then continued softly:

"I was small, but I remember it all. We lived in an old cabin in a lonely spot. Pap had the gold buried under the floor. He'd got more peculiar worrying over what Sporgins—his old friend—had threatened and had accused him of. One terrible stormy night an old Chinaman, a great friend of Pap's, slipped in and told Pap Sporgins was coming with a gang to kill and rob him. Pap had nothing to defend himself with, not having anything to do with guns in those days, so dug up the gold and started to hide it somewhere else. Mother was sick at the time and got terribly frightened. She wouldn't stay there alone, so we all went away together in the storm and hid in the old mine. Pap buried the gold there.

"The storm was one of the worst ever known, so we stayed in the mine until it was nearly over, then Pap carried mother, who was much worse, back to the cabin, which we found Sporgins and his gang had wrecked. In a few days mother died. Pap carried on something terrible, and since then he's hated all men. But Pap's good"—the girl's voice suddenly thrilled with passionate paternal love—"as good as gold. He always made me believe that all men were bad, too, but I know now"—her voice sank low but the words were music to Barry's ears—"there's some good ones besides Pap."

Before Barry could make any comment she rushed on:

"After burying mother Pap went to dig up the gold, but the mine was flooded. Then we left and have lived away from people ever since. Five years ago we came back and Pap began watching the water in the mine. No one lived here then, but we soon found that Sporgins and his son had followed us back and were spying on us. Then the earthquake came and the water began to go down, and Pap got suspicious of everybody. That's why he was so terrible, but Pap's good, good, good!"

She spoke almost defiantly as tho expecting contradiction.—

"I know it, dear; I know it," Barry hastened to assure her. "I could see that the way he acted towards you when I brought you home that day." It seemed a long time ago to Barry that that event had happened.

They were nearing the cabin now, which stood ghostly and forbidding in the soft moonlight as tho tenanted by the silent presence of death. Again contrite fears assailed the girl. Barry heard her moan and mutter something under her breath.

They approached slowly, with misgivings. The door stood open. Within on the floor, plainly visible in the moonlight, the great giant lay inert in a pool of blood. With a heart-rending cry the girl dropped her burden, rushed inside and threw herself upon the prostrate form, moaning:

"Oh, Papsy, Papsy, open your eyes. Your little Honey Rose is here. Please, Papsy, please."

Quickly Barry followed and lit a candle he found sticking in a bottle on a rude table. Then he turned and made a sign to the moaning girl.

WITH difficulty they lifted the heavy form onto the rough couch against the wall. Then while the girl murmured petitions and endearments into her father's unheeding ears, Barry got a basin of water and a towel and began bathing and binding up the wound in the giant's shaggy head. The girl gave him a grateful look thru her tears, then turned again to her father.

"Oh, Papsy dear, wake up," she pleaded passionately "The gold is here, Papsy—all of it. Wake up, Papsy, and see what your little Honey Rose has brought."

Whether due to the magic in the word "gold" or to the reviving effect of the cold water, the big man presently stirred uneasily, groaned, sighed deeply a time or two, then opened his eyes and rolled them unsteadily about.

As the eyes opened a happy little cry broke from the girl's pale lips. Then she cooed softly:

"Oh, Papsy; dear old Papsy, I'm so glad—glad," and drew the large head fondly to her breast.

The giant's eyes finally came to rest upon his daughter's face. A gleam of recognition suddenly lighted them. His countenance cleared, the corrugations on his brow disappeared and a look of intense relief took their place. Weakly a heavy hand went up and stroked the girl's hair. "Oh, Honey Rose, you're safe, you're safe," he moaned, with motherly tenderness. "Let them take the gold."

"Yes, Papsy, I'm safe," she whispered, laying her lips on his. Then she went on, a little note of triumph in her voice, "But the gold is safe, too, Papsy. All of it is here."

The giant's brow clouded with perplexity and his eyes burned feverishly into hers as he demanded, "But how—how, Honey Rose, could you bring it here all by yourself-"

With tender hands she slowly turned the giant's head until she brought Barry into his line of vision. At once a black cloud of hate swept swiftly across the man's massive features and he weakly essayed to rise.

"Listen, Papsy, listen," the girl cried frantically, holding him down. "He helped me, Papsy. He's our friend. He ain't one of them. They're gone, and he helped save the gold. He's good, Papsy." A blush of rose spread over her pale face as she championed. "There are other good men in the world besides you, Papsy. I know it now. And he's one of them. He saved me twice, Papsy, and —and——" She stifled her words in the unresisting giant's bosom.

For some little time that cloud darkened the huge fellow's brow as he pondered his daughter's words, then it slowly disappeared and a look of pleased comprehension spread over the large features. Soon a benign and wonderful smile lighted them. Slowly a ponderous hand reached out and grasped one of Barry's, the other lightly stroked his daughter's golden curls. In a voice warm with feeling he murmured:

"I understand, lad; I understand. You're one of us from now on."

At the words the little girl glanced shyly up, her face radiant. One of her little hands stole out towards Barry's free one. He clasped it closely. And so clasping a hand of father and daughter he knew truly that henceforth he was to be one of them—a new member of the family.

The End.

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"You mustn't fish here," he was told. "these waters belong to Lord Londonderry."

"Do they?" said the boy. "I didn't know that." And promptly laying aside his rod he took up a book and commenced reading.

The keeper therefore departed, but returning the same way about an hour or so afterward he found that he had started fishing again.

"Didn't I tell you that this water belonged to Lord Londonderry?" he shouted.

"Why, you told me that an hour ago," retorted the youngster. "Surely the whole river don't belong to him; his share went by long ago."

WHY WAIT?

THE clock struck 9. I looked at Kate,
Her lips were rosy red.
"At quarter after 9, I mean
To steal a kiss," I said.
She cast a roguish glance at me,
And then she whispered low,
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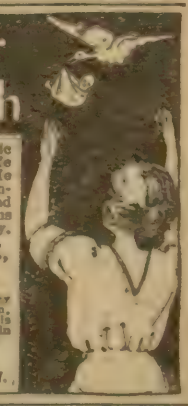

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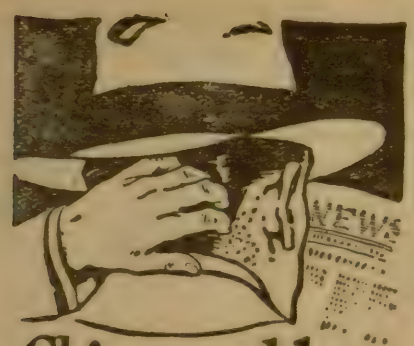

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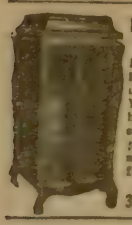

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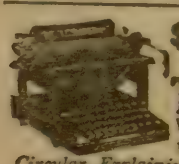

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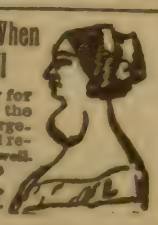

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The Looting of the Limited

(Continued From Page 8)

asked. "If you had——"

"What's the diff?" broke in Charley, impatiently. "Why won't tomorrow do just as well?"

"Listen!" Streeter held up one hand for silence. "Youth is learning a valuable lesson," he began oratorically. "Never put off till tomorrow—It's raining, that's why, and rain'll spoil the best scent that ever was laid. Even that old houn' dog I was——"

Before he could finish his observation a man stepped up to the ticket window and engaged Charley's attention. He was a tired-looking little individual, garbed in a suit of decent black, and wore upon his head a hat evidently too large for him; a frowzy little man with one badly swollen eye; he was covered with dust and needed the attention of a barber badly, but he had rather a pleasant manner about him.

"Just got in," he explained, breathlessly. "My car's outside. Rode like the devil the last twenty miles to beat the storm. Fact is——" Here the little man glanced cautiously about the nearly empty waiting-room. "Fact is, I am a detective, sent here by the B. & O. people. They don't like the way things are being handled here. Fellow over at the hotel told me that you saw the smash-up. Mind telling me about it?"

Obligingly Charley told him what he knew concerning the case; that is, he told what the public knew of the case, not what he himself had learned

The little man seemed much interested. "You think he really went crazy, or is he only shamming to keep out of jail?" He asked this question several times. "Any doubt about it?" he persisted.

"No doubt in the world but that he is really crazy," answered Charley. He hoped that the little man would soon tire of his questioning and go. He had certain duties to perform and they were claiming his urgent attention.

"NO, THE diamonds have not yet been——" He turned to wait upon a woman who wanted a ticket to Anderson, and while he was making the transaction, the little man, evidently having gained the information he desired, strolled, or rather, limped—he had a bad limp, this little man—limped thru the waiting-room to the rear platform.

Charley returned to his desk. Busily thinking, he fiddled with his blotter a moment. There was something queer about the little man. For the life of him, Charley couldn't explain what seemed wrong with him, or where he had seen him before, but, just the same, something about the little man reminded him of——

Vaguely Charley wished for the presence of Bill Streeter. But Bill was gone—gone up on Second street to ring his alarm box.

In vain Charley tried to compose himself to his work; thoughts of the little man continued to intrude disturbingly. "Wonder if the guy is still out there!" he muttered a little later. Finally he arose and opened the back door.

By this time the rain had increased in volume to a downpour, and, driven by a heavy gale, it whipped in under the shed roof in sheets, drenching every part of the platform.

"Whew!" Precipitately Charley retreated. He was about to slam the door when suddenly a rain-coated figure detached itself from one of the taxis that lined the curbing and came rapidly toward him. A moment later he rushed into the room. "Where's Streeter, Charley?" he demanded all out of breath.

Charley slammed the door. "Bill's ringing one of his boxes," he answered. "What you want with him?"

The new arrival, a youth of about Charley's age, uttered a grunt of disgust. "The big tub's never where he's wanted," he declared. "Got a gun around here?"

Charley had a "gun," but not to loan. He kept it only against such time when he might have to defend his life, or the property of the railroad company left in his care.

"What you want a gun for, Sim?" he asked curiously.

Again the fellow Sim grunted and made a disparaging remark concerning the absent policeman. "I gotta fare out there—that is, he's over to the saloon now getting a drink—and I gotta hunch he's going to sidestep the pay. I picked him up this afternoon way down in the river bottoms south of town at a little grocery store. It was a telephone call. He was all in. His feet hurt him; said he had corns. I'd had him in hours ago, only a tire blew up on me. Funny little gink. Kept asking me about the stick-up the other night. Detective."

"The woods seem full of them," said Charley. "A bit ago a nut came in here, a detective, and pumped me dry——"

"Did he wear black clothes that didn't seem to fit very well, and a stiff hat pulled way down?"

"Yes," answered Charley. "Why?"

"Same gink, that's all. Said he was going in there to buy a ticket to Springfield, and—— What?"

Charley's alert brain had been busily engaged in piecing together the broken strands of two incomplete stories, and the result struck him with such overwhelming force that he barely escaped giving something away. To be absolutely certain, for instinctively he felt that when the crucial moment came there would be small opportunity for investigating a certain point, he asked casually as he could. "Did you notice the mole on the back of his left hand?"

Sim shook his head. "Didn't," he said. "But I noticed his right eye, all right. Looks like some guy might have swiped it with a——"

But Charley had heard enough. The damaged eye was the point on which he had wished to make certain. While standing at the ticket window, the little man had stood in his own light to a great extent, and had worn his hat tilted down over his features. Quickly across the room strode Charley, secured his revolver, and dropped it into his pocket.

"Go out and crank up the engine, Sim!" he exclaimed, energetically, "while I turn down the gas and bolt the door. I'll help you with that fellow!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE little man was bent upon beating his taxi fare. Not that he wanted to, or had intended so doing when he ordered the car, but now, circumstances, the state of his exchequer, and the fearful rate with which the taxi meter had tabbed up the cost, had so conspired against him, that theoretically he was broke. If only he hadn't left those seven five-dollar bills in the pocket of his old vest! But he had—a man can't be expected to remember everything when he is changing his clothes in the dark—with the result that instead of the forty-odd dollars in cash he thought he had on his person, but barely seven dollars remained to him. Seven dollars! And the taxi bill amounted to ten-thirty! And

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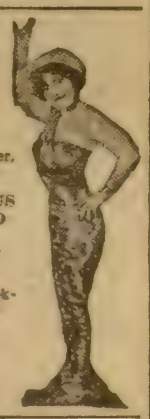

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the driver looked like a very determined-looking young man indeed. It was very easy to imagine that should the little man offer his all in payment for the ride, Sim might grow vexed, might even turn him over to the authorities. And that was the very last thing that the little man wanted to happen.

Forthwith, he decided to beat the fare.

Of course, if things had worked out per schedule, by now he would have been rolling in wealth, but as it was, with Long George in the asylum, and really crazy—someway or other, he had been convinced by the newspaper account that George was only shamming lunacy—but with him really gone bugs——

"I'll take the first train out of this burg," he promised himself, fervently. "It's not healthy."

The little man had gained much useful knowledge by his visit to the ticket window. He had learned the exact manner by which his partner had come to grief; he had learned that the next train departed at 8:14. Besides which, he had mapped out a method of procedure to adopt with his creditor, the taxi driver.

"Hey, boy!" The little man limped thru the door of the waiting-room and called to Sim across the narrow platform. "Hey, boy! I'm going over the way to get a little drink. I'll be back presently."

He spoke the exact truth. Had Sim believed him—but as already has been stated, Sam did not. The little man went "over the way," a matter of a block across a grassy expanse belonging to the station, to where stood on the corner in red-fronted bravery and flashing lights, a near-beer saloon. He entered. This was not a part of his plan for dodging the taxi driver. He simply felt the need of some kind of a drink badly, and he entered the place with that purpose in view. It so happened that he could not have made a better move for the furtherment of his purpose, for, barely had he limped thru the swinging doors, when the storm, which had been hanging fire for hours, broke with sudden fury.

The little man received his drink and consumed it. Then he selected a chair, drew it into an obscure corner, and prepared to wait for the storm to cease. This, however, it did not do. Many patrons were in the place, some at the bar, others at the lunch counter on the opposite side of the room. All were engaged in loud-mouthed conversation. This bothered the little man not at all until it began centering about the recent train robbery. "They'll get that fellow this time sure as shooting," seemed to be the concerted opinion of the bunch, and it made him nervous. At least he cared not to hear such talk.

So he moved. Very quietly, and without sign of undue haste, he passed thru the rear door of the place, and was more than pleased to find that it opened into a dark hallway. Also was he grateful that the side door, which faced Main street, was wide open. A flight of steps curved from this hallway upward to regions unknown; and unused, he judged from the quantity of crates and empty boxes that nearly blocked it.

ON THE third step from the bottom the little man sank with a sigh of gratitude. His injured ankle was again paining him intensely, but taking it all in all, he was fairly well satisfied. Indeed, he could hardly have been better pleased, for here, dry, and fairly comfortable, he obtained, across the grassy inclosure, an unobstructed view of the depot, the side facing the street. With his eyes focused upon the line of waiting taxis before it, he prepared to play a waiting game.

The little man pulled forth his watch and by bending forward, managed, in the haze of light reflected from the street, to learn the time.

"Fifty minutes till train time, buddy," he thought, silently addressing his waiting driver. "Fifty long, damp minutes; and you haven't had supper yet. You'll get tired and go home long before that. And if you don't—why, even if you don't, I'll get that train anyway, if I have to bust you one in the eye in order to do it."

That he might rest in more comfort, the little man prepared to remove his shoes.

He did not, tho, for at the moment, thru the storm, which suddenly diminished to a bare drizzle, he heard from the line-up of cars he was watching, the repeated cranking of an obdurate engine.

But which car! What if the driver, tired of waiting and perhaps grown suspicious, was coming after him! Very hastily the little man retied the string of his loosened shoe and bent forward in eager interest.

With a muffled roar the engine caught, and a moment later the car, the one that was running up a bill on its dial that never would be liquidated, nosed out of the rank of waiting vehicles, rounded the corner in a manner indicating that its driver might be in a hurry, ran the block skirting the park, crossed Main street, and came to a stop before the saloon.

Almost immediately the side door of the saloon gave forth the shadowy figure of a little man, who, tho afflicted with a bad limp, nevertheless soon managed to lose himself in the opaque shadows of a side street.

The little man has now had his drink, but must do some artful dodging if he outwits the alert pair who are watching for his next move. Evidently their prey has some very urgent motive for getting out of town by train, other than dodging the two worthies who are so close upon his heels. Where is he going and for what reason? The fourth and concluding installment of this story will clear up all the mystery that still enshrouds the strange little man.

* * *

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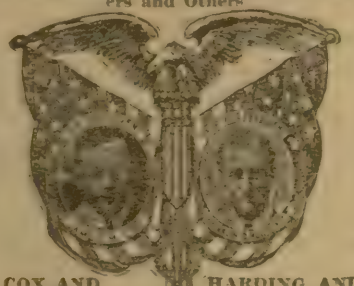
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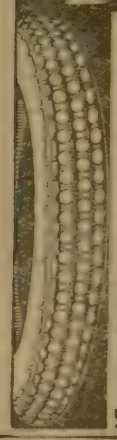
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The Last Laugh

By Mack McCain

THE chief swung around from his desk and faced the door as a big policeman entered the private office.

"Malone, I ought to fire you," he began, without preliminary. "Why can't you manage to be in the right place at the right time once in a while?"

The big officer's blue eyes hardened a trifle.

"What's the matter now?" he asked.

"Why, that Macready affair yesterday. Three men with broken heads, and, as usual, you didn't heave in sight until the trouble was all over."

"But, Chief—I got there as soon as I heard about it. I was just——"

"Sure," interrupted the chief, biting savagely at his cigar. "You generally do, but the fact remains that you're always too late. Isn't that so, now?"

"Well, d'ye want my resignation?" Malone's tone wasn't exactly sullen, but it showed that he had reached the point where he was ready to quit.

"No!" snapped the chief. "You're one of the biggest men and best shots on the force. There's no reason why you shouldn't have a good record for arrests, too."

Malone knew the chief was often unreasonable when angry and he offered no comment as he stood waiting.

"The newspapers are 'panning' the force, Malone," continued the chief, his tone a little milder now. "I know you've had hard luck and I don't believe you're yellow, but if you can't make a better showing than you have in the past, I'm afraid you're gonna be out of a job."

The chief turned toward his desk and Malone, understanding that to mean the interview was ended, left the office to report for work.

Some time later, as he slowly walked his beat on lower Fifth street, his mind kept reverting to the chief's reprimand.

That the case was strange, he was forced to admit, but in justice to himself, he could see no way in which he had ever been to blame.

He had been on the force a little over six months, yet during that time, had not been able to make a single arrest, altho several hold-ups and numerous fights had taken place on his beat.

Many times he had stood concealed in some dark doorway, or trailed up dangerous alleys or side streets, watching some suspicious character, hoping that now—while he was ready and waiting—something would happen. But never with results.

The only thing that had kept him from throwing up the job and trying something else was the thought that this act might cause his brother officers to question his courage.

IN FRONT of Murphy's saloon Malone stopped suddenly. His sharp ears had caught the sound of loud talking within.

"——I'll tear your head off!" somebody was saying.

As Malone stepped thru the outer door and stood looking across the swinging doors, into the room, he recognized the speaker as "Bulldog" Sheehan, an ex-fighter and a dangerous man.

Sheehan had fought in the heavyweight class and looked the picture of strength as he stood, balanced on tiptoe, and leaning slightly forward.

But it was the smaller man whom Malone instantly knew to be the more dangerous.

He stood half-leaning against the bar, his left arm resting on the mahogany and his right hand, concealed in his right coat pocket, raised ever so slightly toward Sheehan.

His face was well tanned, and, as he calmly faced Sheehan, a faint smile came over his features, causing his eyes to light up as tho he was enjoying himself and the wrinkles to gather about his mouth.

"Well, what seems to be holding you?" This was the first reply he had made to Sheehan's threat.

At the words, Sheehan started forward, but with a lightning-like movement, the little man's right hand came out of his coat pocket and Malone caught the ugly gleam of an automatic.

Sheehan stopped, almost comical in his attitude of attack and unable to carry it out.

With his revolver in his right hand, Malone quietly stepped thru the swinging doors.

"Hands up!" he ordered.

The little man whirled with the quickness of a cat but Malone's entry had been unexpected and the narrowed eyes of the big policeman, looking down the sights of the gun barrel, must have told him the officer would shoot to kill.

Reluctantly, he laid the automatic on the bar and raised his hands ceilingward.

With a deftness surprising in one so big, Malone stepped forward and, with his revolver still held securely in his right hand, "frisked" the prisoners with his left. Into his own pocket he slipped the automatic, then pointed toward the door.

"Keep your hands in the air as you march out," he said, motioning toward the little man to lead.

"Wait a minute. I guess you don't want to take me——"

MALONE interrupted further speech of the little man by shoving him toward the door.

"You can explain to the chief what you was carryin' that 'gat' for," he stated.

One might have thought Malone was accustomed to sending prisoners to the station ever hour from the matter-of-fact way in which he shoved them into the patrol auto, a few minutes later.

"Concealed weapons," he said to the officer in charge, handing him the automatic and motioning toward the little man.

Malone started to explain that Sheehan should be held for investigation when the other officer interrupted.

"Have any idea who that fellow is?" Malone shook his head.

"Well, unless I'm greatly mistaken, you've got Rube Voiner there and——I guess you knew there's five thousand reward on him."

As the patrol drove away, Malone stood looking at it. Five thousand dollars and the honor of capturing the most dare-devil train robber of history! He could hardly believe his senses.

When Malone was relieved, a few minutes later, he hurriedly made his way to the station. On the steps, he met another officer, coming from the station, and the smile on that officer's face assured him that he had at last made good.

Several officers were around the sergeant's desk when Malone entered. At his entrance, they too, smiled. Malone was on the point of asking the sergeant about the little man when the door of the chief's office opened. As the chief stepped into the room Malone realized he was mad.

"You made a nice mess of things, didn't you?" he snapped, his eyes boring into Malone. "Why didn't you take time to find out who that little man was?"

"Grogan thought he was Rube Voiner," replied Malone. "I got him for carrying a gun."

"He was a Chicago detective who has been trailing Voiner. He wore a badge and carried enough letters to convince anybody with common sense that he was a 'Dick.'" Malone looked about him. Every officer in the room was smiling. Carefully he unpinned his shield and laid that and his club on the sergeant's desk.

"I've got common sense enough to know I've got enough of this job," he said, as he walked from the room.

A WEEK later Malone answered a ring of his door bell and stood facing the chief. Without hesitation, the chief extended his hand and said: "Malone, I've come to offer you your job back and my apology for my treatment. I guess you were in the right place once."

As the chief spoke he handed Malone a letter, and opening it, the ex-policeman read:

Somewhere on My Way.

Dear Chief: I just want to thank you for making my escape so easy. I took the badge and letters away from Rathburn to use in case of capture.

I also want to thank that big officer who arrested me, because he saved me from killing Sheehan, and I have never committed murder.

Very gratefully yours,
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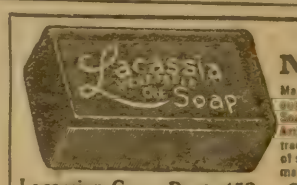

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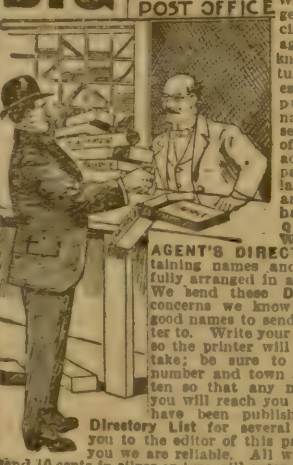

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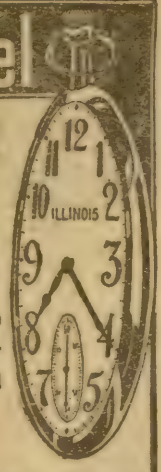

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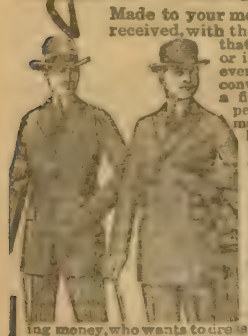

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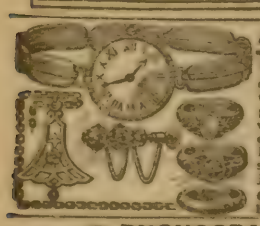

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Fifty-Fifty—Here and Hereafter

(Concluded From Page 7.)

thing for you in New York. Mr. Darby, m'dear, is a good fellow, and he thinks lots of you—and we ain't going to worry none about ol' Jeff Bond putting the jinx on us, are we, dearie?"

"Certainly not," she smiled. "Now you'd better lie down, Mr. Hampton."

"I'll care for him, Miss Charlton," said Darby, outside the door. "He still has this foolish fear on his mind that I told you about, and I'll be glad to get him clear out of this part of the country. . . . "Good-night."

DARBY put Hampton to bed, and retired. But Hampton could not sleep. He tossed and moaned, his brain filled with all manner of strange fancies. Long after there was complete silence all over the house he would start up in bed, wishing he never had taken a drink—and burning for more. One, the town clock boomed. Two. Now he was a little more quiet, dozing fitfully.

When next he woke it was not with a start, but with the horrified feeling that something dreadful was close to him—close, and coming closer! There was a breath of cold air, and then, just beside him, an awful vision. From the dark there glowered upon him a luminous, ghostly face—a wraith which could not be mistaken!

The apparition, which stood slender and erect, stretched toward the door, a commanding figure. Waves of sickly light played off the ghostly arm and hand as it spoke in deep tones the one word: "Go!"

As if fighting a nightmare, Hampton dragged himself from the bed. Then unlocking the door with a heart nearly paralyzed, he staggered into the hall. With terrible shrieks he pounded on Darby's door. It seemed an age before his startled partner appeared."

"Jeff Bond," he moaned. "He's in my room."

"You're dreaming. He's on your mind, and——"

"I saw him! No, don't go in. He'll——"

Darby kicked open the door. "Look—there's nobody."

"There was," Hampton declared. "I——"

He clung to the bed, pale and trembling. Then a mind shocked sober asserted itself. He ran to the bed and lifted the pillow. A moment he stood stunned, then motioned inarticulately, and gasped: "It's—gone. But it isn't the money! My God, George, I can't stand the place. Get Miss Charlton. Let's get away."

He kept close to Darby while the latter knocked on Miss Charlton's door. A sleepy clerk had mounted the stairs, drawn by the noisee. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Mr. Smith is a little nervous," said Darby. "We're going to get the lady, and go for a little air."

"The lady," said the clerk. "Why, she went for the 3 o'clock train.

He was right. Miss Charlton's room was empty, her bed untouched.

The late "Dr. Cherrington" thought a moment. Then he said: "She went around the porch, thru your window, and used the mask of Jeff Bond you left in the closet here to scare and rob you."

Darby dropped into a chair in disappointment.

"I'm sorry," he murmured.

Hampton was reading a note he had found on the dresser. Again and again he went over its brief contents unable to speak.

There was a long-drawn, far-off whistle.

"There," said the clerk. "She'll be on the train in a minute."

Hampton dropped into a chair in relief.

"It's fifty-fifty, George," he said. "You've got Tilden's five hundred. She's got the other one—— And I get some sleep. Your Miss Charlton, George, was old Jeff Bond's daughter!"

P. Michael Egan, D. H. P.

(Concluded From Page 2.)

the Editor like a stethoscope. Dr. Egan placed it around all the pipes, and listened carefully, the rubber tips in his ears. He looked up. "Nothing much to be learned there," he announced. He turned to the Editor. "Of course, I am called in consultation only on the washbowl phase of the case, but I should like to inform you that a faucet is leaking somewhere in the house; probably in the kitchen sink on the second floor. I would have it attended to if I were you."

"Will you fix it?" inquired the Editor eagerly, "when you have finished here?"

The look that Dr. Egan focused on him was one of scorned pity. "I do only diagnosis and major surgery," he said quietly. "I might refer you to my former assistant, who sometimes handles small cases, Dr. Cassidy—a very good man."

Dr. Egan stood at attention for a long time. Of a sudden, a gurgling noise took place and the washbowl filled up with suds again. With a cry of delight, he seized from the case of instruments a ruler, and measured the height in the bowl. He snatched up a glass test tube, and dropping in it some of the sudsy water, as well as some liquid from a bottle labeled "acid," noted the violent bubbling that followed.

"Plaster of paris," he said simply. "My hypothesis was correct, Dr. Hennesey. We shall have to operate at once."

"Where will you make the first incision, Dr. Egan?" queried the young assistant.

Dr. Egan showed no hesitation. With a glance at the sud-marked ruler, he answered quickly and simply.

"Exactly three feet down the wall, one foot to the left of where the drain pipe enters."

Almost in the twinkling of an eye he was entering the plaster wall of the bathroom, chipping away hard finish, sawing laths with a tiny wire saw, and inside of five minutes had revealed the pipe, silverish-leadlike in color, which carried down the water from the upstairs bowl. At this juncture, however, something exciting happened. His chisel glanced from a piece of the hard mortar, and with a sharp "sput," shot into a cold water pipe. In an instant, Editor, surgeon and assistant were enveloped in an icy spray that drowned out all attempts at speech.

"A hemorrhage!" sputtered Egan disgruntedly. "Careless dolt that I am, I should not have taken coffee for breakfast." He held his hand on the miniature fountain. It only drizzeled now.

"Quick, Dr. Hennesey, the pliers. We must ligate the pipe for the present and we will operate on the two together."

In a jiffy, with the pliers that the ever-ready Dr. Hennesey handed him, he had squeezed the pipe both above and below the accidental chisel incision. The horrible deluge stopped, and the Editor shook himself disconsolately like a wet spaniel. Operations were resumed, and of a sudden a length of pipe, not seven inches from the place Dr. Egan had predicted was exposed, showing a gash in which plaster of paris in chunks, from the inner walls, was falling day by day.

Dr. Egan did most of the work, Dr. Hennesey only assisting at ticklish points. Finishing the soldering up of this wide, gaping hole, Dr. Egan turned his attention to the cold water pipe.

"Shall I turn off the water in the basement?" queried the Editor.

Dr. Egan laughed, a deep jovial professional laugh. "No, indeed, I shall work by Dr. O'Brien's improved technique, using the aluminium solder invented by Professor O'Flaherty of the National University of Plumbing.

In a jiffy this marvelous man had finished the job. Dr. Hennesey strapped up the instruments. Dr. Egan bowed to the Editor. "Any plasterer will refinish the wall," he said, yawning. "Come, Dr. Hennesey, we have the Millionbank's hot-water boiler feed valve operation on for 11 sharp."

They bowed their way out without even mentioning money. And it was not until the 1st of the month that the Editor received by mail a carefully labeled glass jar, containing seven pieces of hard brittle plaster which he recognized as the ones which had tumbled into the pipe, bearing the date of the operation, his own name as witness, Dr. Egan's name as operating surgeon and Dr. Hennesey's as assistant.

With the same mail came a bill from Dr. Egan for $150!

The Editor thought about the matter for a long while, yet he knew that he was legally liable for the work; so he wrote out a check, using his wife's private checking account for the purpose. Then he called up Dr. Egan.

"I've just mailed the check for your services, Doctor," he said. "But I wondered if you would tell me what D. H. P. on your billhead stand for?"

"'Doctor of Hydraulic Piping,'" said the professional man in a very friendly spirit.

"I thought," faltered the Editor, making ready to hang up the receiver quickly, "that it stood for 'Darned High Priced!'"

The Editor

A Flyaway Affair.

A FLY and a flea in a flue were imprisoned; so what could they do?
Said the flea, "Let us fly!"
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
So they flew thru a flaw in the flue.

SAFETY FIRST.

DAD'S stock of booze is getting low;
With care he removes the stopper,
And takes his little nip, just so,
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The Dark Mirror

(Continued From Page 13)

under what sounds like an assumed name, 'Nora O'More'——"

"Yes," Priscilla interrupted quickly; "she'd be likely to use that name."

"Why?"

"Because . . . why because . . . I don't quite know." She laughed a little at herself, and sobered into momentary thoughtfulness, her eyes clouding with mental effort. Then they cleared. "Of course! O'More was the name of the old woman Leonora lived with as a child—'Mother O'More,' the neighbors called her. I'd forgotten till you jogged my memory."

"Mother O'More," Fosdick repeated; "possibly a clew. If you've no objection, I'll set Andrews, my detective, to work on it. It can't be so long—neither you nor Leonora is old enough—you'd think somebody in that part of town would remember an elderly woman who practiced fortune-telling with cards, no doubt a bit of a neighborhood character, called Mother O'More. If we can find out what became of her, or even where and how precisely she lived when alive . . ."

"I suppose all that and more that we want to know is buried in my subconsciousness! I don't believe there was ever much of anything that Leonora knew or felt that I didn't know and feel, Philip. Even when I didn't dream and wasn't actively thinking about her, I always had that sense of being identified with her, of being with her, somehow, in some inexplicable way, all the time. . . . Don't you think it might be worth while to try to stimulate my latent memories by hypnotism, perhaps?"

FOSDICK stubbornly opposed that. "Only as a last resort. I'm frankly distrustful of the psychic effect on you, if we excite your subliminal consciousness by too much nagging. Far better let your subconsciousness slumber—far better you should forget rather than remember too much!"

"Yes," she assented, uncertainly, and nodded with wistful eyes. "I want to forget if I can, as quickly as I can."

"You must. You must try. It would be a good thing if you never dreamed again of Leonora."

"But one can't control one's dreams!"

"I'm not so sure. I believe it might be done. I can help a little, I think—but really it all rests with you."

"I suppose so . . ." She was puzzled, intent. "But what to do?"

"It's a matter of will power simply. You can do it if you will, but you must want to, heart and soul."

Her face was at once dark with thought and flushed with hope—beyond all telling sweet.

"But I do, Philip—I want so much to forget, more than you know. I want so much to think there's nothing strange about me any more, I'm just a normal human being like any other girl. I want never to think again . . ." She caught herself up in confusion and did not complete the thought. More subdued, she continued: "I promise faithfully to do all I can, whatever you think best."

"Well, as I say, it's all up to you. You've got to make yourself mistress of your own mind, make it think what you want to think and forget and disregard everything else, no matter how insistently it may claim attention. If thoughts of Leonora press upon you, there's only one thing to do—put them firmly aside, force yourself to concentrate on something else, your work by choice. Keep yourself constantly occupied, constantly doing and going, keep every minute filled. Paint every day till you're tired out; but don't stop then. When you've worked till you feel ready to drop, play till you can't think, and then as you drift off to sleep fix your thoughts steadfastly on something like your work. On no account permit yourself to drowse off wondering about Leonora. It may, it will come a bit hard at first, but it can be managed all right if you'll stick at it and never say die. And once you've mastered the trick of thought control, you'll find it tremendously profitable in so many ways. You'll paint better, for one thing. It will give you no end of self-confidence to feel your mind is your servant, not your master."

"My work will help," she agreed. "I'm so glad you want me to keep on. Somehow I was afraid you wouldn't."

"On the contrary, you must paint as if your life depended on it."

"Then you think there's no more danger—in the studio—associations——?"

"Not since this afternoon," he said smiling. "The portrait is no longer there."

"My portrait gone!" Distress vibrated in her voice. "What has become of it?"

"Harkness has it." Fosdick laughed, pleased by her bewilderment and at the same time apprehensive of the effect of his confession. "You see, you left the studio key on your dressing table last night; I saw it there and borrowed it. This afternoon I took Harkness to see the portrait, and he was so enthusiastic—it's really fine work, you know—he insisted on carting it off with him then and there. Inasmuch as that was precisely what I wanted, I let him have his way."

"But Philip!—I'm not sure it's fit to be shown yet!"

"Harkness is."

"And it must be framed——"

"Trust Harkness to see to that, too. . . . It's no use, 'Cilla. I had to get that thing out of your way, and if I had waited for your permission it might have meant weeks of delay. Oh, I know you—like every artist, never satisfied with your work, always wanting to keep it by you and study it and put on finishing touches it doesn't need. But now that the portrait's disposed of, you may use the studio as freely as you like. . . . Which reminds me: Here's the key."

She took it from him brusquely, at once annoyed and gratified, her face slightly flushed with the one emotion, her eyes luminous with the other.

"I like your impudence!"

"We strive to please."

Divided between anger and mirth, she compromised by giving free rein to both, so that resentment was swiftly swept away in laughter.

"Philip, you are incorrigible!"

"I have to be, to get my own way."

CHAPTER XXX.

AFFINITY.

IT WAS the philosopher Kant, they say, who found that he could abolish from his consciousness even the torture of gout by concentrating his attention steadily upon an impersonal subject; a discovery which so stimulated the medical imagination of his time that the modern school of psychotherapy, or healing by hypnotic suggestion, had then its beginnings.

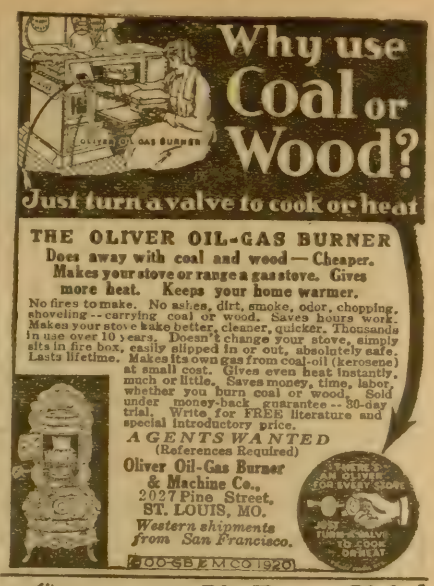
Cold force of intellect working in the tranquillity of provincial life enabled the thinker of Konigsberg to forbid his mind to recognize the living fact of pain. Priscilla Maine had neither. Her ways of thought were no more undisciplined than those of most young women of her caste and generation; but, it is true, the course of education thru which she had progressed, comfortably enough, had not so much trained her mind as fallowed it for training. Only when contemplating her work or pondering this mysterious union that linked her life with Leonora's was she prone to protracted spells of reverie.

Then, too, it is easier far to endure and even to forget an anguish of the flesh than it is to deny the hunger of the heart. Strangely the kiss of Mairo on the lips of Leonora had awakened the woman that had so long slept in Priscilla Maine. And now she was bidden to forget not only him but self as well! It was hard.

The girl suffered atrociously at first. But nobody knew; or Philip Fosdick alone suspected something of what she was going thru. He could not know all, for even to him she said little or nothing, and went sweetly thru her days with a high head and eyes of lying calm. But he was sick with sympathy for her and so in some measure quick with intuition. He, too, had known . . .

He helped her more than she knew, indeed, for he contrived to devote to her more time than a physician had any right to, with so many patients leaning heavily on him for comfort. Anything but an ardent lover in his outward attitude, who knew too well his time was not yet, he was nevertheless a persevering one, and never permitted Priscilla to forget that his love enveloped her as the sea a swimmer, that it was something as sustaining as the sea, as deep and as abiding. She was aware, and glad, and grateful, daily more so.

And tho he refused to experiment with obvious forms of hypnotism, he worked insidiously upon her by suggestion, not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Radiant Health and Strong Nerves Make Successful Movie Stars

Says Beautiful Marjorie Daw

Screen Star Explains How She Used Nuxated Iron to Rebuild Her Wasted Forces When Long Hours and Overwork Had Sapped Her Strength and Energy.

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York and the Westchester County Hospital, says that the accompanying article should be read by every one who desires to reach a fullness of health and power such as is possessed by the leading stars of the movies. Dr. Sullivan says: "If the men and women of the stage and screen whose living depends largely upon keeping physically fit consider it advisable to take Nuxated Iron to maintain at all times an abundance of energy and vitality, then the average person might well follow their example in building up health and strength."

Night after night there are thousands who sit in the many moving picture theatres and admire the energy and power of the men and women who play the leading parts on the screen, yet little do they realize how these movie stars must constantly strive to keep health and strength to the highest degree.

In the words of Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, "These people might never achieve such great success were it not for the fact that flowing through their veins is pure, red blood, rich in iron." Dr. Sullivan continued: "I have been especially interested in the statement of Miss Marjorie Daw, whose notable screen triumphs have, within a very short time, given her widespread popularity. In the roles which Miss Daw has played great courage and daring have been required and were it not for the possession of unusual strength and endurance I feel sure that she would never had been able to give evidence of the abundant vitality which has helped to make her such a success. That she turned to Nuxated Iron as a means for building herself up at a time when she became weak and run-down is in itself convincing evidence of how highly this preparation is regarded as a means for creating red blood, strength and endurance. I am convinced that if the average woman would use the same means as Miss Daw for keeping her blood rich in strength-giving iron, there would be far less numbers who would find themselves tired out and nervous when they should be strong, energetic and filled with vitality."

Miss Marjorie Daw

When Beautiful Marjorie Daw became tired and careworn from the effects of long hours and hard work for the screen it was to Nuxated Iron she turned to rebuild her wasted strength and forces and give her renewed energy and power.

In Miss Daw's statement to which Dr. Sullivan referred above, she says: "To win and retain public favor, the men and women engaged in motion picture work must at all times keep themselves physically fit and able to undertake the most difficult roles that are demanded of them. Radiant health and strong nerves make successful movie stars and I believe that if more people in any walk of life realized the important part health plays in making them successes or failures, more people would take steps to build themselves up. Few of the people who watch us in our pictures know of the hard work, the long hours and the great strain upon the nerves that the taking of even a single picture involves. When I feel myself getting tired out, nervous and with no reserve strength to draw upon, I turn to Nuxated Iron for relief and would gladly recommend it to anyone." Miss Daw's opinion is strongly supported by the statement of Miss Dorothy Dalton, brilliant star of the New York Production "Aphrodite" and considered one of the most beautiful women of the screen, who says: "In my picture work and on the stage which at times is very strenuous I have found Nuxated Iron a great help. It has wonderful building powers and makes rich blood."

It is surprising how many women who are weak, tired-out, and nervous, suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong and well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength and see how much you have gained.

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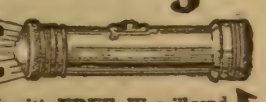

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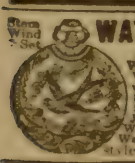

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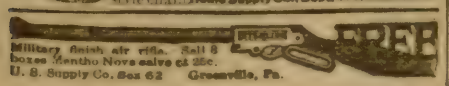

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so much at the expense of her spiritual independence as to its re-establishment and strengthening. It was never, "You must, for it is my will;" but always, "You can if you will"—tho far more subtly. . . .

Now a word of encouragement, again a hint buried in some amusing anecdote of his practice, at another time another hint thrown out in casual comment on human relations; all shrewdly calculated to make her thoughtful; thus gradually self-confidence was built up in her anew, she began to perceive the truth, like a light dim at the far end of a tunnel, that nothing earthly transcends the power of the informed, self-regulated and applied will; that not even the mortal ache of longing can withstand it.

But that was only toward the end.

Meanwhile, she was faithful to her word, faithfully regulated her life in accordance with the scheme suggested by Fosdick. She started a portrait of Ada Moyer and worked at it steadily every morning, and in amazingly few sittings managed to make the painted canvas body forth the impish charm of that lady, her irresistible gay impudence. This in spite of the fact that Ada posed poorly and pervaded the studio with an atmosphere of infectious irresponsibility that was most demoralizing to a serious-minded artist—and did Priscilla no end of good.

In the afternoon she labored more soberly but no less successfully upon a composition employing two professional models, a mother and daughter—painting famously well, with a decision new in her work, with a dashing technique whose secret she had newly surprised and whose manipulation proved an abiding joy.

In between there were luncheons at Avignon, Del's, the Ritz, with the women of her world, and others with professional workers like herself in dingy, amusing little holes of restaurants with which that part of Greenwich Village immediately adjacent to her studio was riddled. And after the light failed there were teas, motoring and bridge parties, dinners, the theaters, dances.

ALIKE to work and to play she gave herself without reserve, entering with unwonted animation (tho nobody thought it feverish) into whatever diversion the hour offered. And if at times there was an undertone of sadness in her laughter, shadowed wistfulness in her eyes, weariness in her gesture, she was the first to notice and swift to dissemble. So that none remarked any change in her, more than an access of loveliness and charm at once elusive and insistent, and she was more than ever sought after, importuned, courted, wooed. A dozen conquests were added to her score in that too brief lull. A dozen men, amiable, personable, suitable partis, men she liked, forgot all other women and haunted the ways she most frquented, keen to earn the guerdon of her smile; every one of them ready to marry her out of hand if she showed the least tendency to take him seriously. But she seemed altogether unaware of them, save as friends, and moved sedately among them, adorably pretty, tantalizingly desirable, exasperatingly detached. In those days she liked all men and loved none . . . none but one . . .

Not Philip Fosdick.

With herself she was honest and unpretending: If Mario was never for her, she was for no one else. She thought about it as little as she might, because she appreciated the hopelessness of her case, and wanted desperately to be her own self once more, rid of this restless longing, free to devote herself and her life to all that was left to her in life, all that really mattered now—her work. But she could not readily forget. . . .

That would take time. She was patient in confidence of ultimate emancipation. Already she had gained much. The question of her sanity no longer harassed her. More—she had ceased to dream of Leonora.

Or rather, she no longer remembered what she dreamed. She wakened every morning from a night whose dream content was blank—if she had dreamed at all. She was far from satisfied, however, that she had ceased to dream. It seemed to her that she had ceased merely to remember. For in spite of the cessation of her dreaming the sense of the connection persisted; never had she felt more near to Leonora, more intimately a sharer in her life.

Now and again there would come without warning, without any encouragement of conscious wish or thought, a feeling of identity with that other, of understanding, of personal participation in Leonora's happiness, that brought a strange exaltation of spirit, paradoxically akin to that happiness which life refused her. And at such times she would experience indefinite, teasing glimpses into Leonora's present circumstances—glimpses no sooner granted than snatched away, of a life half known, half foreign, like a stir of shadow shapes in the depths of the dark mirror of her mind.

She tried earnestly, with all her strength, not to dwell upon such thoughts, to discourage and cast them out. But they visited her without invitation and in spite of every effort to repulse them. So that slowly there

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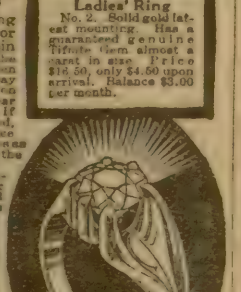

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formed in her understanding a visionary conception of that Eden in which, she felt sure, Leonora must be living with her husband—a wilderness Eden of tree-clad slopes and far-flung crests, of mountain meadows and rolling valleys, of murmuring brooks, rushing torrents, crashing cascades, and placid little lakes nestling in the bosom of hills . . . all vague and indistinct, as if revealed thru veils of dusky mist . . .

She was afraid, and she was glad that no dreams came to make that land more real to her.

CHAPTER XXXI.
THE PORTRAIT AGAIN.

THAT week saw infatuated Spring, abandoning every show of diffidence, hastening with footsteps daily more fleet to fling herself into the arms of Summer.

Those who had country places of their own hurriedly canceled business and social engagements and straightway dropped out of the life of town.

Citizens of humble fortune tacked up calendars marked with wistful red ink crosses, and reckoned again and again the weary count of days that must elapse before their vacations could begin.

In the shops the spring drive for silk sweaters, sports skirts and white buckskin shoes was prosecuted with unexampled ferocity.

Mrs. Trowbridge, having arranged to take over the Southampton cottage of a friend who was going abroad, forthwith devoted herself to such pernicious activities as (1) quareling with the servants who balked at the idea of leaving the city, (2) discharging the ingrates and negotiating for others to replace them, (3) shopping for goods she didn't need, (4) packing, (5) unpacking, (6) repacking, and (7) shrouding the furniture in summer cerecloths until the Park avenue house took on the cheerless atmosphere of a tomb troubled by tenants who would not be decently dead.

Priscilla, preoccupied with personal interests, her unhappiness and the work that seemed its only antidote, was careless whither they went for the summer, or when, or how, so long as the change were not permitted to hinder her painting, and asked only to be let alone till she finished her two latest canvasses.

Twice she begged for postponements, which were grudgingly conceded, and ultimately, badgered beyond endurance by her aunt's insistence that she name a definite day when she would be willing to go, flatly declared she wouldn't budge a foot out of town before she had at least completed the portrait of Ada Moyer.

Mrs. Trowbridge heard the accent of finality and gave in at discretion—but with pursed lips.

Her opinion of art and all its works was low. True, it had always been low. But now it was lower.

Fosdick, observing Priscilla in a threefold capacity, conceded the conquest of his admiration as a sportsman; the girl was putting up the gamest fight conceivable, against crushing odds.

The physician in him saw with satisfaction the seemingly successful working out of his prescribed scheme of living. Even the sedative which, by his order, Priscilla took every night on going to bed, was doing its work without any apparent ill effect; to the contrary, indeed, since her dreams no longer distressed the girl. Still, it would be oversanguine to consider the case already closed with a cure.

And the lover remained in suspense, hoping against hope with an uneasy heart . . .

The commonplace man Andrews pursued the commonplace tenor of his ways, without suspicion that a private detective was considered the most romantic figure in present-day civil life, or indeed that he was anything more than a simple man with a job and very much on it.

He turned up no trace of Leonora after her departure from the Walpole in company with Mario. If those two had married, they had managed the business with the utmost circumspection and secrecy.

He reported no progress in his search for traces of "Mother O'More"—assuming that such a person had never existed.

And he complained, with something as nearly approaching expression of personal feeling as he ever betrayed, that to be refused permission to question Leonora's former associates cramped his style somethin' fierce.

But on this point Fosdick was firm—bound, indeed, by pledge to Priscilla. With ample reason to believe that one or two if not more of the Carnehan gang were police informers, potentially such if not actually in the pay of the police, Priscilla had extracted of Fosdick the promise that he would permit nothing to be done which might, in however roundabout a fashion, stimulate police interest in Leonora.

"She is happy," Priscilla had said. "At least, I think—Oh, I know she is! She must be. . . . And for the first time in her life, Philip. If because of me anything should happen to spoil her happiness, I could never forgive myself, never!"

SO PHILIP held fast to his word; and Andrews went stolidly about his work with the private and unvoiced opinion that any bird what would pay a fellow to do a job and then tie his hands so's he couldn't do nothin' was a nut.

But pay was pay, and if this Fosdick guy was satisfied to keep on shellin' out good coin and gettin' nothin' back for it, Mr. Andrews guessed it wasn't no funeral of his. . . .

There came at length a day of relaxing heat, when everything went wrong.

Ada Moyer showed up in the morning only to announce that, much as she adored her portrait, she hadn't the slightest intention of going on with the sittings or, for that matter, of stopping on in town another day in such weather. If Priscilla wanted to finish the portrait she would have to bring it down to the Moyer country home and work on it there. This being manifestly unreasonable—Ada knew quite well it would be impossible to duplicate the lighting of the studio—Priscilla felt constrained to point out candidly how selfish Ada was. And they bickered until they parted, each huffed to the verge of tears.

In the afternoon the little girl posing with her mother was restless and fretful. The mother was too listless to call her to order. Priscilla, divided between sympathy for the child and a perfectly human desire to smack her, at length threw down palette and brushes in despair and dismissed the models for the day.

Anyhow she consoled herself, she had shopping to do. . . .

The shops were crowded, the salespeople irritable and irritating. She found nothing that suited her. Between 3 and 4 she gave up trying and, thoroly out of humor, started to walk home up the avenue.

In spite of the lateness of the season the sidewalks were well thronged and the roadway so crowded with motor cars that the trite old conundrum that has no answer—where does all the money come from?—presented itself with new force.

In front of the Harkness Gallery a little knot of people had collected, creating an eddy in the tides of foot traffic. Priscilla hesitated, then with quickening pulses added herself to the group before the show window, working her way into its heart, where she obtained an unobstructed view of her work.

For it was true, what she had surmised: Harkness had already put the portrait of Leonora on exhibition. And already it was attracting a conspicuous amount of attention.

When the first thrill of surprise passed, Priscilla realized something that was nearly actual happiness—that warming glow which the creative temperament alone can know when its work is shown and is liked and, best of all, in its own eyes seems worthy.

It is such rare moments that bring to the artist full compensation, tho life has been unkind in every other wise.

Enchanted, Priscilla stood before her painting with eyes that shone and cheeks aglow, an exquisite emotion welling in her bosom.

Near by a man spoke in the language of the studios, praising the portrait to a companion. And Priscilla heard and was exalted.

When she dared trust herself to do so, she looked found cautiously, seeking to identify that kindly critic whose appreciation was so much the more acceptable because he spoke with the tongue of understanding.

A small chuckle was struggling in her throat. She could not help wondering

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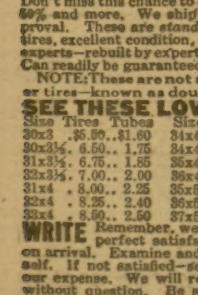

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what the man would think could he know how dangerously near he was to being publicly kissed by a strange woman. . . .

But the chuckle expired in a strangled gasp. The dancing eyes steadied to a fixed stare. The color in her cheeks ebbed more swiftly than it had come.

She began to wonder if her heart would ever beat again, if she would ever find strength to move from that spot where terror had transfixed her.

Her veering glance had been arrested almost as soon as detached from the portrait by the sardonic and insolent regard of one who stood at a slight distance, tho in the same group; a man whose face she had never seen yet knew; the man whom she knew only by the style under which he passed among his criminal kind—"Harry the Nut."

And he knew her, as his meaning sneer witnessed.

Nor was this the worst; beyond his shoulder a second face showed, colorless and drawn with passionate malice; the face of the woman Inez.

From dream to reality; from fantasy of the sleeping mind to life. The characters whom Priscilla Maine has seen in her dreams now step into her life, and play a stern and avenging part against her. And back of it all, an explanation. Back of it all Fosdick, working might and main, day and night, to solve the riddle. Next week comes a remarkable bit of characterization in the meeting between Priscilla and Harry the Nut. If you have followed the story thus far, do not stop. It grows more interesting with each chapter.

Too Many Berries

(Concluded From Page 3.)

beast in the act of rising.

"Darn a man that'll keep cows in a chicken yard!"

I heard my pursuer hit the poultry netting with a whang. I vaulted the second fence, zigzagged and fell into a great bed of pampas grass with hard stones at the bottom. But I lay there only long enough to get my wind and then I was up and away with by nemesis still pursuing. From that on the chase became an hilarious dream. I dodged and ducked and raced. Lay hidden in beds of costly geraniums and leaped up and put off in opposite directions. And then all at once I came upon the college mall, in a dark spot. A taxi was before me, and a beautiful lady had just stepped to the curb. She touched my elbow and pushed me toward the car.

"D barracks at once," she said to the driver, sweetly, and then I recognized the voice of sweet Kitty Marbury.

TWO minutes later I handed the man a dollar before the entrance of D barracks and then very leisurely strolled across the pentagon to A barracks, where I roomed. I got into bed with all my clothes on except my coat and shoes and rapidly undressed in bed, just as I heard the sweet sound of "taps" trilling across the campus.

"You're getting in late," said Lengthy.

"Why didn't you zigzag like I did?" asked Knowledge.

"I lay in the weeds till the cavalcade passed and then ate my full of berries," said Hawg.

"Hush, you darn fools, don't you hear the O. D. coming?" He came, but found us all sleeping like innocent lambs.

And that was the end of the incident. Well, not exactly. I thought it was, and Knowledge and Lengthy and Hawg thought it was, and Kitty Marbury thought it was. But big Red Singleterry, who, we soon learned, was the man who had chased us, and who, I learned, was my rival for the hand of Kitty, evidently felt differently. Big Red is today the chief of a detective bureau, and well he deserves to be. . . .

IT WAS field day. Red Singleterry had been for three years the undisputed champion of hurdle racing at our college. I was the dark horse, which my class, proud of me for many dark feats pulled off successfully, was going at the last moment to enter against him. I was kept in the dark both as to the public and as to my own knowledge of the conditions of the race until the last moment. Then I came trotting forth and saw:

There never was a hurdle course just like that one. The fellow who constructed it was a humorist. It was elaborate, and the different obstructions were all labeled and posted with signs:

FRUIT SALAD
MAIZE A LA CREOLE
FRESH RASPBERRIES PIQUANT
INDIAN MOUND
TINCAN ALLIES' FIRST LINE TRENCH
FAT MAN'S MISERY
MY LADY'S BOWER
LILAC LANE
DAIRY LUNCH
TAXI ON THE MALL

My heart sank as I beheld the various well remembered landmarks of my former race now picturesquely and more or less faithfully reproduced here on the course for the eyes of all the world. My secret was out. I had certainly not recognized Singleterry during my flight; but then he had had all the advantage of me in that matter.

"Shall I run the course," I asked sweet Kitty Marbury, who stood among a bevy of beauties in cool muslin dresses. I half hoped she would forbid me to do so.

"Run by all means," she flashed. "And beat that foxy Singleterry—beat him to a frazzle!" Then she whispered. "You have done it, and you can do it again."

With her sweet words still ringing in my ears, and with Knowledge and Lengthy and Hawg all rooting in the sidelines, I started. I was determined to win, and I did win. As I came out thru "Taxi on the Mall," a series of billboards each with a door about as high as a taxi door, I staggered forward to the goal, which was marked "A Barracks," Kitty was waiting for me in triumph, and Red Singleterry was just behind me—also in triumph.

"You beat me," he panted. "You beat me fair and square, just like you did before. I know you by the fact that you're the only man here who could do it, and the only one who could pass "My Lady's Bower." I hereby arrest you for stealing berries from the school gardens. It'll mean ten days in the guardhouse and your diploma held up till next September. You see, old sport, you've had just one too many berries."

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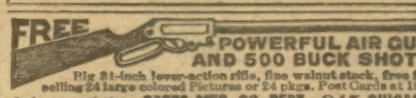
FREE  POWERFUL AIR GUN AND 500 BUCK SHOTS
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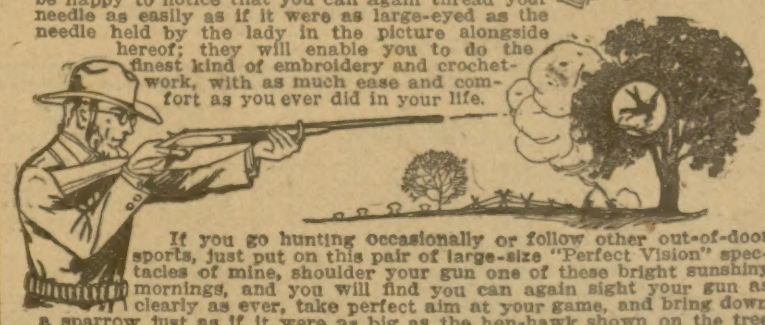
Friend:—I could fill up a big book with the testimonials and words of praise I have received from the thousands of spectacle wearers all over the United States who tell me about the splendid eyesight they are again enjoying since they began using my large-size "Perfect Vision" spectacles. But you know the old saying, "seeing is believing," and that is the reason why I am making you this very remarkable offer.

This is all I ask you to do: Just fill out the coupon at the bottom of this advertisement and send it to me without a cent of money, and I will immediately mail you a pair of my handsome 10-karat gold-filled, large size "Perfect Vision" spectacles to try in your own home fully ten days without a penny in advance or even a reference.

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes when you come in from your day's work out on the field or factory, and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that with these large-size "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine you can again read the finest print in your Bible; you will find that the smallest type in your newspaper or magazine looks just as sharp and as clear to you as it ever did in your younger days. If you are fond of sewing, by hand or machine, you will be happy to notice that you can again thread your needle as easily as if it were as large-eyed as the needle held by the lady in the picture alongside hereof; they will enable you to do the finest kind of embroidery and crochet-work, with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.



If you go hunting occasionally or follow other out-of-door sports, just put on this pair of large-size "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine, shoulder your gun one of these bright sunshiny mornings, and you will find you can again sight your gun as clearly as ever, take perfect aim at your game, and bring down a sparrow just as if it were as big as the hen-hawk shown on the tree in this picture; and in the evening when the shadows are gathering in the dusk, you will have no trouble to distinguish your horses from cows and other livestock away out in the pasture and as far as the eye can reach with the aid of a pair of my large-size "Perfect Vision" distance spectacles.

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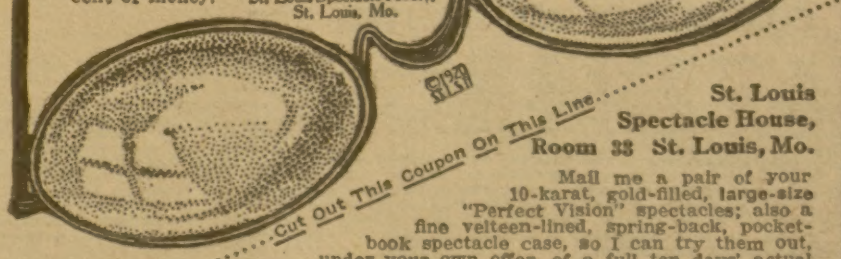

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Mail me a pair of your 10-karat, gold-filled, large-size "Perfect Vision" spectacles; also a fine velteen-lined, spring-back, pocket-book spectacle case, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $2.15 only. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them, I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?....

Name .....

Post Office .....

Rural Route.....Box No.....State.....

For Ledger Boys and Girls

Up in the Old Oak Tree.

TOM GAUTIN never believed in fairies—but—

Down in the corner of the pasture lot, at grandfather's farm where he and his sister Ellyn went to spend the summer, stood a great, big, beautiful oak tree. And under its broad branches all the children of the neighborhood had lots of fun. Didn't you know there were neighborhoods in the country? Of course, there are! Only the neighbors don't live quite so close together as they do in a city.

On the very day that Tom and Ellyn arrived in the country, and that was the day after school closed in the city, you may be sure, all the girls and boys who lived within walking distance came over to see the visitors and to start plans for summer fun. You see, Tom and Ellyn were not strangers, because they came to this same farm every summer; so it was almost as tho they were coming back home, every time they arrived.

It happened that all thru the winter Tom had been reading about the knights of old and he was much interested in their customs and dress and sports.

"I'll tell you what let's do," he said when the boys asked him to start some fun. "Let's organize and be knights and you girls can be ladies in waiting and we'll have tournaments and everything."

For a minute the boys were a bit puzzled; they hadn't been reading about these knights and ladies and they didn't know just what Tom meant. But they did know that he could always start, so they listened while he told them some stories about good King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, and before he was thru they were as anxious as he was to have knighthood for their summer play.

"You see we can all make some costumes, maybe the girls will help us," continued Tom, planning quickly, "and we can make our athletics be the tournaments and our everyday work can be our try-outs—we can make it fit into everything."

"But what can we call ourselves?" asked one of the boys, "we've got to have a name."

Tom studied a minute then he asked: "How about Lancers? They were the men who carried the lances, you know, and we all will have lances as soon as we get busy making them."

And so the fun began. The girls rummaged thru attics and made costumes, the boys practiced running and fencing (with wooden sticks to be sure, but it was just as much fun), and all sorts of games, and the old oak tree was headquarters for conferences and committee meetings every day.

"We ought to label that tree," said Tom one afternoon, as he and Ellyn waited there for the others to assemble. "I think I'll carve our name on the trunk." He took out his knife and while Ellyn watched he cut the letter L, the first of the name, Lancers.

Strange, but as he cut he never once thought that his grandmother had told him never to carve the bark of a tree; that just beneath the bark run the tiny tubes that take food and moisture up to the hungry branches and leaves—tubes that must not be cut or hurt if the tree is to thrive. Never once did he remember. He cut the letter L, big and deep, and then was about to begin on another when something high up in the tree seemed to whisper, "Better stop! Better stop! Better stop! Better stop!" Queer, wasn't it?

"Did you hear that, Ellyn?" asked Tom, turning to his sister.

"Hear what?" asked Ellyn.

"That voice?" said Tom, "like it was saying, 'Better stop!'"

"Better stop?" repeated Ellyn, "stop what?" And then suddenly she remembered! "Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed, "you had better stop! Don't you remember grandmother told us never to spoil a tree?"

In a flash Tom remembered. He rubbed the freshly cut letter, he tried laying the new-cut bark back in place, but alas, bark once cut, is cut forever, and he couldn't do a thing to remedy the damage he had done.

"Well, anyway," said Ellyn, comfortingly, "you didn't carve any more. That's a good thing." Tom agreed that it was and he resolved to make one of the rules of the Lancers that trees should be protected in every way. He'd tell the boys just as soon as they arrived.

"But Ellyn," exclaimed Tom, suddenly remembering, "what was that voice that made us stop? I'm glad it spoke out, but what was it?"

"Fairies, maybe," said Ellyn, as she turned to greet the 'ladies in waiting,' who were coming across the pasture. Tom didn't believe in fairies, but neither did he see Ellyn's chum, who at that minute slipped down from a branch on the other side of the oak tree trunk. So, not seeing, he almost had to believe as Ellyn did.

Of Course Not.

"ROBERT," said the manager to the office boy, "how is it that you are always the last to arrive in the morning and the first to go away in the evening?"

"Well, sir," responded the cheeky youth, "you wouldn't want me to be late twice a day, would you?"

Timely Hints.

MOST of us know too much about the wonders of Nature to tremble with fear when we hear the rumble of thunder. Many people used to run and hide and try to bury themselves in a featherbed, at the first sound. We know these habits to be foolish, for thunder is nothing more than a great big noise—an echo of the electric spark caused by the discharge of electricity between two clouds or between a cloud and the earth. It is well, however, in the summer time to know how to guard against lightning, for in August electric storms are not uncommon.

If you are indoors when a storm comes up, remember to keep away from open windows and from the fireplace or where there may be metal locks or fixings, for metals and heated air are good conductors of electricity. The very center of the room is the best place to stay during the thunder storm, and a thick rug forms a very safe island on which to camp.

If you should be caught out of doors when a storm blows up keep away from trees or any very tall object. If you remember these timely hints you need have no fear of electric storms, but you may sit with your parents under safe shelter and enjoy the beauty and wonder of the lightning as it flashes across the sky.

A Nervous Wreck

BY DR. VALENTINE MOTT PIERCE.

How many business men feel fagged out, nervous, with a "soggy brain"—worn out completely before the day and its tremendous tasks are half over? Try the right way! Clean the body first. That will help your nerves, your head and your circulation. Your doctor will tell you that anything from a headache or a common cold to grippe or a serious illness may result from allowing food to ferment in the intestines. Don't give the body a chance to absorb the poisons. Remove the toxins from the system and give the tissues of the body aid to resist disease by taking an occasional laxative such as castor oil, or a tiny pill made up of May-apple, aloin, jalap, and sold by most druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

The kidneys and bladder suffer from the wear and tear, and we get chronic inflammations sometimes indicated by backache, painful voiding of water—dull, heavy feelings. Perhaps the uric acid is stored up in the system in excessive amount, and consequently when the urate salts are deposited in muscles and joints one suffers from lumbago (pain in back), rheumatic pains, gout, etc.

Nothing will act so nicely as Anuric (anti-uric-acid), a recent discovery of Doctor Pierce's which can be had at all drug stores. Anuric aids in cleaning the bladder and kidneys—consequently those suffering from rheumatism, lumbago and gout are benefited and the body is put in a cleaner, healthier state.

1920 Ford Touring Car FREE!

I am going to give away, absolutely FREE, a 1920 model, 5-Passenger Ford Touring Car, to some one who answers this advertisement quickly. The car will be equipped with electric self-starter and lighting system, and will be sent, freight and war tax prepaid, to the lucky winner.

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE
GET 2,000 FREE VOTES

This picture shows a happy family driving an automobile like the one I am going to give away. In the scenery around the car are six partly hidden faces. Can you find them? Try it. When you have found four of the faces, mark each one with an (x) and send the puzzle to me, together with your name and address, and I will send you 2,000 Extra Free Votes and enter you in my Ford Automobile Contest.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS—you can also win, in addition to the Ford, Bicycles, Watches, Dinner Sets, Moving Picture Machines, and other excellent prizes, free and without Contest. Be quick! Send me your name and address and your answer to this puzzle right now. I will send you by return mail, a Complete Ford Winning Outfit, also copies of two national publications worth ten cents. You can't lose!

Auto Contest Manager, Dept. 19, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912:

Of the **Chicago Ledger**, published weekly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1st, 1920, State of Illinois, County of Cook (ss.). Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. D. Boyce, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the **Chicago Ledger**, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. D. Boyce Company, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Editor, M. M. Taylor, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Managing Editor, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Business Manager, W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

2. That the owners are: W. D. Boyce, 9,499 shares, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. W. D. Boyce, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, trustee for B. and J. Boyce, 500 shares; 9,999 shares out of 10,000.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: No bonds; no mortgages. In regard to section 2 of the law, the **Chicago Ledger** does not accept payment for any editorial or other reading matter printed as news.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Signed: W. D. BOYCE,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1920.

[Seal] W. G. REYNOLDS,
Notary Public.

[My commission expires August 22, 1922.]

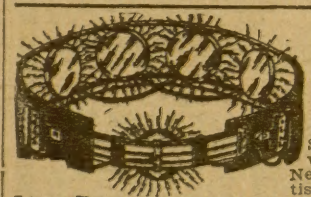
Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1696. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation



FREE
60 DAYS TRIAL
My Best
Electric Belt
Soothing — Invigorating. For Nerves, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Lame Back, Poor Circulation, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Bladder Weakness, PAIN any where.
A. OWENS, P. O. Box 861, Indianapolis, Ind.

CROWN YOUR TEETH
Our solid gold shells look like real dentist's work, and give you a **Golden Smile.** Fool your friends. Slips right on over tooth, readily adjusted, removed any time, without trouble. Guaranteed to fit and please.
Sample, only 10c., 4 for 25c., 12 for 50c., postpaid.
SHEF NOVELTY CO., 60 Station D, Dept. 502, New York, N. Y.

BIG CAMERA FREE
Genuine Eastman Film Pack Camera. Takes snap shots or time exposure pictures 2¼ x 3¼. Has finder & handle. Sent prepaid for selling 24 beautiful, easy selling pictures at 15c.
GAIR MFG. CO. Dept. 17C CHICAGO

DROPSY Treated One Week FREE. Short breathing relieved in a few hours, swelling reduced in a few days, regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart, purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system. Write for Free Trial Treatment. COLLUM DROPSY REMEDY CO., DEPT. L, ATLANTA, GA.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

Be a Detective Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 120 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

BOOKS

"FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL" mailed anywhere 30c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., A, Syracuse, N. Y.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Edina, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODESTONE, tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

ARE YOU OR YOUR CHILD BOTHERED with over-active kidneys during the day or night? If so let Liquid Shumake, the recognized medicine for this trouble relieve the burden in few days. Sold by druggist or send $1.50 to Shumake Remedy Company, Fort Worth, Texas, for large bottle.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

AGENTS WANTED

500 AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE FOR Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound. 300% profit. Enormous repeater. Washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One thousand other uses in every home. Astounds and delights every woman. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples furnished to boost sales. We positively guarantee the sale of every package. Exclusive territory. Own your own business. You cannot fail to make big money. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. Send for free sample and proof. Hurry, hustle, grab this chance. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 310, 1308-1314 E. 61st, Chicago.

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. B-161, Dayton, Ohio.

$6,000.00 A YEAR IS YOUR PROFIT FROM 4 sales a day. Davidson sold 96 one week. No experience needed. The Aladdin light is a sensation wherever introduced. 5 times as bright as electric. Won gold medal. Farmers have the money, they need this light and 9 out of 10 will buy. Also big opportunity in small towns and suburbs. Excellent spare time and evening seller. No capital required. Sample on free trial. Write for agency proposition while territory still open. Mantle Lamp Company, 502 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

AGENTS: REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. NOT sold in stores. Two coats in one. Something brand new. Saves the price of expensive overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Big seller. Emil Thor made $134 in one week. We manufacture and make to measure. No capital required. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 609 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS, MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING our Decalcomania transfer campaign emlems of Harding and Coolidge, Cox and Roosevelt in colors. Easy to put on autos, windows or doors. Sell on sight at 50c. Cost to agents, 100 or less, 10c each. Profits $5 to $25 a day. Circular on request. Transfer Mono. Co., 191 Market St., Newark, N. J.

SELL WHAT MILLIONS WANT. NEW, wonderful Liberty portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique. Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 12, 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS— REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. TWO coats in one. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Not sold in stores. Big commission. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 109 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MAN- ufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS: NUWAY LAUNDRY MARVEL IS sold on free trial. Our "Buy it after you try it" plan gets the order. Snappiest seller on the market and the only one backed up by a free trial selling plan. 300% profit. Sample and particulars free. Foster Chemical Co., 246 S. Fairview Ave., Decatur, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED. REAL LIVE WIRES, those capable of earning from $75 to $100 a week to represent one of the oldest custom tailoring houses in Chicago. Write today for particulars, also for free fall and winter samples. Federal Tailoring Co., 1647-49 No. Winchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH- ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Orders in every home for our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Large book of samples free to agents. Write today for particulars. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. P 2, 425 Broadway, New York.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders a day. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

TIRE AGENTS. EXCLUSIVE REPRESEN- tatives to use and sell the new Mellinger Extra-Ply Tires. (No seconds.) Guarantee bond 8000 miles. Wholesale prices. Sample sections furnished. Mellinger Tire Co., 972 Oak, Kansas City, Missouri.

GET PARTICULARS ON NEW STYLE dustless brushes and other new specialties for homes, stores, offices, factories, etc. Entirely new goods. Easy sellers. Excellent repeaters. Liberal commissions. Hanson Mfg. Co., 3945 W. Lake St., Chicago.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PIL- low tops, luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, etc. Lowest prices, rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk L-1, Chicago.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

$3.48 FOR MEN'S MADE-TO-ORDER PANTS —worth $5.00. Sample free. Money-making offer for agents; part time or all. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Association, Dept. K 652, 515 South Franklin Street, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

$11.00 A DAY FOR 5 HOURS WORK. New Method—no capital required—no deliveries—no delays—just take orders and bank big profits. Davis Products Co., Dept. 461, Chicago.

FREE SAMPLES: BEST LINE OF COLD creams, face powder, perfumes, remedies, soaps, extracts. Big profit. Catalogue free. Western Laboratories, 1953 W. Van Buren, Chicago.

SELL INSYDE TYRES, GENUINE INNER armor for auto tires; double mileage; prevents punctures and blowouts; tremendous demand. American Accessories Company, Dept. 126, Cincinnati, Ohio.

150% PROFIT; FAST SELLING HOUSE- hold, store and office necessity. Repeater. Free sample. Chapman Company, 1084 Dwight Building, Kansas City, Mo.

BIG PROPOSITION: AGENTS WANTED: Something new in portraits. Deal with factory direct. Write for catalogue. Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

AGENTS — WONDERFUL SELLER, 96c profit every dollar sales. License unnecessary. No stock to carry. Sample free. Mission Bead Co., Factory O, Los Angeles, Cal.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

GUARANTEED HOSIERY SELLING FROM mill earns $8.00 to $12.00 a day for our representatives, all or spare time. Credit. E. Weber Mills, Nicetown, Phila., Pa.

ENORMOUS PROFITS SELLING TO COL- ored people. No capital needed. We trust you. Write for our attractive proposition. Sent free. Tono Scalpa Co., Inc., Richmond, Va.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR- ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

HUNDREDS RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS wanted by Government. Men-women over 17, $135-$200 month. Permanent. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN WANTED. I WANT A FEW MORE men to train as draftsmen. Experience not necessary. Draftsmen earn $150 to $300 per month and more. Big demand. Splendid opportunities. Learn quickly at home. Let me send you free lesson. No charge. Address: Charles W. Morey, Director, 2235 Chicago Tech. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS EARN from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM-12, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 300 Lucas, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BECOME DETECTIVE—BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 E. 79th, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, $225-$250 MONTH- ly, all railroads, everywhere, experience unnecessary. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE- paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE FINE! $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300 and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box J, Rochester, N. Y.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY. SPECIAL NUMBER JUST out containing 1920 facts of clover land in Marinette County, Wisconsin. If for a home or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands where farmers grow rich, send at once for this special number of Landology. It is free on request. Address Skidmore-Riehle Land Company, 26 Skidmore-Riehle Bldg., Marinette, Wis.

FARMS WANTED

WANTED—HEAR FROM OWNER; FARM for sale. Price, description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR SALE

MAKE HOME MADE BEVERAGES. NON- alcoholic. I send you 35 of the best formulas for only $2.00. F. Childs, 16 Doyle Bldg., Akron, Ohio.

DEAFNESS—SMALLEST $7.00 EAR PHONE in world on trial. Tool Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

I HAVE FORMED A COMPANY TO DRILL on more than 1900 acres of wonderful prospective oil land in Texas and to make the investment safe I have given the company my 30-barrel well at Sour Lake. The company is now rigging up for second well. After this is completed they will sink two more where we are absolutely sure of getting oil of fifty to one hundred barrels a day, thereby giving us a production of 200 to 400 barrels a day. This will give the company a profit of about $500 to $1000 a day, all of which can be used for the paying of dividends and drilling on prospective acreage. The chance for big profits come from what we find on our 1000 acres. This land has every indication that an oil pool lies below. Oil actually seeps to the surface. Gas is seen escaping from the creeks. Asphalt lies along the river banks. Gas mounds and salt deposits are all over. In fact, everything which seems to indicate an oil pool is there. Read what a great geologist says about the land in our vicinity: "From the substructural evidences as are marked on the surface, the presence of oil in concentrated area, and abundance of carborated gas, points emphatically to an oil pool. I should think 1200 feet will cover whole depth of horizons. You will probably reach your first horizon between 400 and 500 feet." I would like to get a number of men to invest from $10 to $1000 so we can finish three wells at Sour Lake and then go to our prospective acreage, where you have chance of making anywhere from 50 to 300 times your investment. Let me send you our circular free, which explains our proposition very thoroly. F. M. Meyer, President, Conroe Oil Company, 226 Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOU- sands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 308 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

MILLION DOLLARS MADE OVER NIGHT owning oil acreage. Small spot has done it. Warranty deed to one acre may complete your independence for life. We sell no shares, no leases, but sell land located between four producing oil fields. $200 acre. Five per cent down, five per cent monthly. Free information. Bank reference. Address Texas Oil Acre Co., 119-A, N. 7th Street, St. Louis, Mo.

ONLY KNOWN MAP SHOWING ALL proven Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Louisiana oil fields, and other valuable information free. Don't invest before seeing it. R. V. Wilson, Mngr. Texas Traffic Ass'n, 10 Hoffman Bldg., Houston, Texas.

165,000 THINGS WORTH KNOWING. Our corporation teaches every art, science and profession known. Write us your wants. All business held strictly confidential. G. D. Whitefield, Box 1214, Winston-Salem, N. C.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

SEND TEN CENTS (STAMPS) AND GET latest issue "Oil Ledger," giving all data on Texas oil fields. Statistical Department, 226 Binz Bldg., Houston, Texas.

SAFE AS A BANK—300% ANNUALLY. IF you can invest fifteen dollars upwards, write. Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

OPERATE A KANDY KITCHEN—COM- plete course, formerly $35.00, now $1.00. Paine's Kandy Kitchens, Newark, N. J.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

EARN $50.00 NIGHTLY; NO EXPERIENCE required. Small investment buys professional machine, film, supplies, complete stationary or traveling equipments, already for work. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Large catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 527, 420 Market, St. Louis, Mo.

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG-WRITERS MANUAL AND GUIDE sent free! Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE write music; guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 920 South Michigan Ave., Suite 106, Chicago.

YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send song poem today. E. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

PATENTS

PATENT—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CON- tains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROY- alty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

UNSIGHTLY FACIAL MOLES—REMOVED forever with "Nevitol," which simply drys them up without pain or injury to the skin in the privacy of your home. Particulars free. Williams Chemical Laboratory, Dept. B, Charleston, S. C.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 32 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE WHO ARE losing out in life, caused from weak, nervous, despondent, run down condition, take Castleberry's Pills. They accomplish marvelous results and possess wonderful rejuvenating forces. Mail $1.00. Three boxes $2.75. Six boxes $5.00. Sample and testimonials free. A. F. Castleberry, Box 564, Columbus, Georgia.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kansas.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish remarkable results as a rejuvenating, vitalizing tonic and health-builder for people of all ages. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Y.Z.)

WEAK, DISCOURAGED, BROKEN DOWN men! Try NRG. Tablets. They build up, renew energy, courage. Full month's treatment, $2.00. Mailed in plain package. Conover Sales Co., Distributers, 710 W. 46th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

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